

3495

Free Worker

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

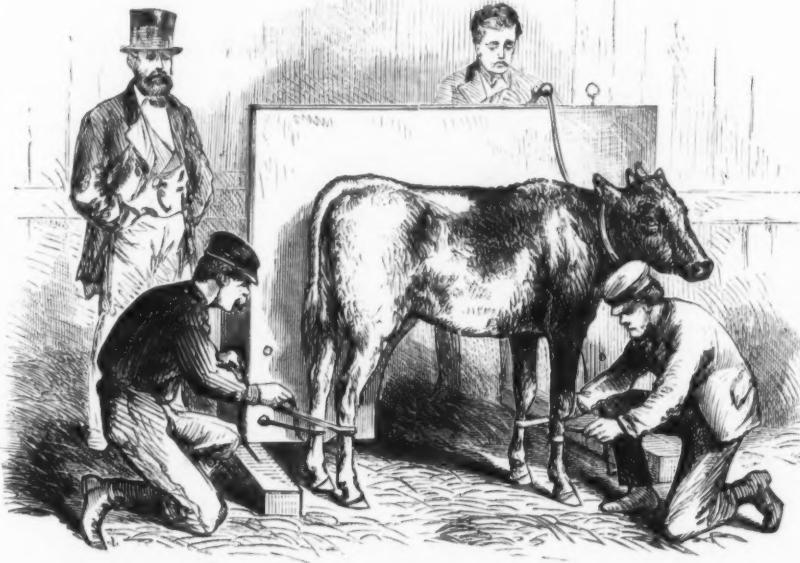


Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by FRANK LESLIE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

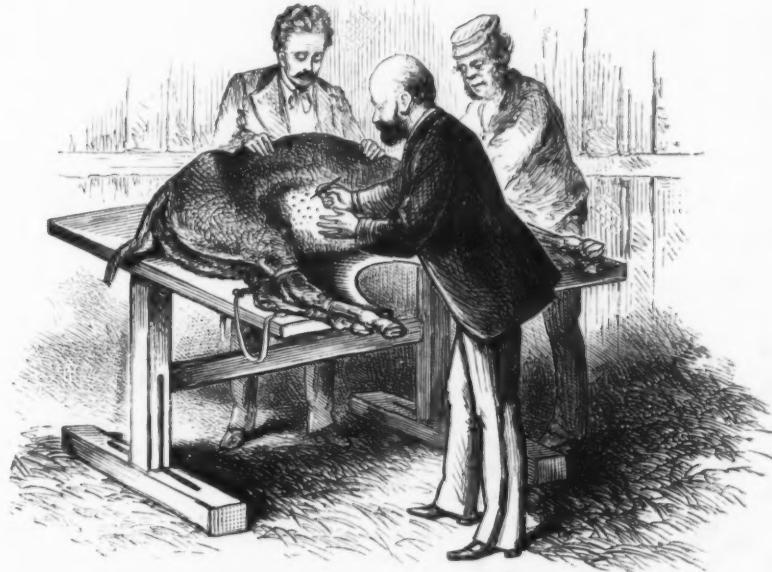
No. 862—Vol. XXXIV.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1872.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.



THE SMALL POX EXCITEMENT.—STRAPPING THE CALF TO THE OPERATING-TABLE.



THE SMALLPOX EXCITEMENT.—DR. CHAMBON INOCULATING THE CALF WITH VACCINE VIRUS.



THE SMALLPOX EXCITEMENT.—DR. CHAMBON VACCINATING PATIENTS IN HIS PARLOR WITH VIRUS TAKEN DIRECTLY FROM THE ANIMAL.—SEE PAGE 54.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1872.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks	1.00

CLUB TERMS.

Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$25, with extra copy to person getting up club.

NOTICE.

Persons wishing to renew their subscriptions to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will confer a favor on the Publisher by sending in their names at the earliest convenient moment, before their present subscription expires.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Paper in America.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE LADIES.

FRANK LESLIE'S

Lady's Journal.

MORE ATTRACTI NS AND MORE NOVELTIES

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL, like the traditional snowball that grew larger in size as it roll'd along, is increasing in popularity and circulation with each edition. Ladies are delighted with it, and to them it has already proved a source of invaluable information.

THE SPRING FASHIONS

Now publishing in this weekly are more complete than in any other periodical.

In connection with the usual prominent attractions of the LADY'S JOURNAL, with No. 22 will be given a beautiful chromo-lithograph, entitled "Minding Baby," worth in itself more than the price of the paper.

In that issue also will be commenced a new and brilliant serial story, bearing the significant title of "King Cophetua; or, Ruby North's Lovers." To the large number of the present readers of the LADY'S JOURNAL we need not state that the new story will be of marvelous interest, for the excellencies of all the features of the LADY'S JOURNAL are known to them; but to such as have not as yet become subscribers to this weekly, we recommend the new serial story as one that will interest and delight its readers to no small extent.

A new song, entitled "A Spray of Mignonette," with the music, will also appear in No. 22.

Thus, four attractions will be presented in one number—a gift of a chromo-lithograph, a new serial story, a new and original song, and what ladies most delight in—a large number of

NEW SPRING FASHIONS,

With accompanying pattern designs—which will form a greater inducement to readers than has yet been offered by any other fashion publication.

GRANT'S AVAILABILITY.

CERTAINLY, there was no man more popular with the people of the North than was U. S. Grant at the termination of the last war.

A large majority of the Northern people considered him the foremost of the great captains the war had developed, and they were not inclined to go back to his record prior to the war.

It made no sort of difference why he had resigned his commission in the army, or that in various limited mercantile pursuits he had attained only failure and disgrace.

"He saved the nation!" cried a worshiper at this man's shrine.

And that devotion to the flag which the politicians have characterized as "loyalty," conceded his shortcomings of the past, and built him temples, and bestrewed his paths with laurel.

"He is our second Washington!" cried another office-seeking devotee, and that was enough, and there was an end of all doubts and all manner of questioning and criticism.

It is not quite clear that he mingled in the fray of politics very extensively before the war, and if at all, it was in the Democratic behalf.

And now, with the coming of peace, and before the leaves of the Appomattox apple-tree had fallen, he inclines to his former tastes and habits.

His associates know perfectly well that, for two years at least after Mr. Johnson had entered the White House, this man, who had been a Democrat anciently, if he had been anything, was open and avowed in his hostility

to many prominent Republicans, and to all of the reconstruction measures of Congress.

He characterized, in his low, contemptuous way, both Mr. Sumner and Mr. Boutwell as "tea-drinkers."

For the *éclat* it was thought his great popularity would give to the mission, he was sent South by Mr. Johnson, to inquire into and report as to the political condition of that portion of the country.

And how strongly he indorsed the loyalty and extreme Union good-will of the Southern people is known to every Republican in the land.

And it was right here that some of the Republicans began to get his real gauge.

Mr. Sumner took issue with his report.

And it is enough to know that Congress has never acted as if it were entitled to the slightest credence.

And it is a part of the history of Mr. Johnson's Administration, that he and U. S. Grant stood side by side, and together heard and approved of the report of the committee appointed by the Philadelphia Convention to declare the intentions and results of that body.

Indeed, so intimate and mutually confiding were these two men—Andrew Johnson and U. S. Grant—that they "swung round the circle" together, at least until Cincinnati had been reached, where they separated, on account of the latter's illness.

And so much of a Democrat was this man supposed to be, that the Democratic Party seriously contemplated running him as their candidate for the Presidency, by reason of his assured availability.

Every schoolboy in the land knows how the Republican Party anticipated the Democracy in the gathering up of this availability, and how Grant turned his coat and accepted the Republican nomination, which was grateful to him only in this, that it seemed certain of success.

And how stands this man in the estimation of Republicans to-day?

No one ever pretended that he has any especial fitness for the place he now holds, and into which he was carried by popular clamor.

Is he available now? In 1868, with the support of such men as Horace Greeley, Charles Sumner, Lyman Trumbull, and Carl Schurz, he got but three hundred thousand majority over Horatio Seymour, certainly one of the most unpopular men of all the Democracy.

And handicapped and loaded down as he will be in 1872, does any sane person suppose he can beat such a man as the opposition is likely to run?

Who his opponent will be, is not for us to indicate. It is enough to know that the opposition has not pinned its faith on any man.

But it seems evident now that a statesman of known probity and fitness will be selected, and that such a platform will be framed as will command the respect and support of all the opposition to the corruption, centralization, and fraud of this political mercenary.

And the Republican Party will sadly err if it runs this man for the Presidency in 1872 on account of his availability, whose moral and intellectual unfitness for the position is known to many and doubted by few.

ODDITIES OF JURYMEN.

WE took occasion, not long ago, to point out how justice was mocked and suitors defrauded of their rights by the prevailing system of requiring the verdict of juries to be unanimous. The results of several trials in our courts since that time have afforded fresh illustrations, if any were wanted, of the correctness of our remarks. It is, of course, possible that one jurymen out of twelve may fail to be convinced by the evidence which satisfies the other eleven, and we should be far from wishing to impute any improper motives when an honest difference of opinion may fairly be entertained. The series of trials now being carried on in Brooklyn in relation to what is known as the "Westfield disaster," have afforded extraordinary instances of the disagreements of juries, though the public is glad to see that when a verdict has, after repeated trials, been reached, exemplary damages have uniformly been awarded against the ferry company. But we venture to say that perversity never reached a greater height than in the latest of these cases, tried last week, when a verdict could not be reached because one of the jury (one Thomas M. Redhead) refused to concur with the other eleven in a verdict for the plaintiff, on the ground that the explosion was a dispensation of Providence, and that if the pressure on the boiler had been two hundred pounds to the square inch, it would not have burst except by the will of God.

Pure fatalism could go no further. If Mr. Block—that is, Mr. Red—head be a Moslem, his creed might justify him in believing that poor Mr. Chenevière died, not because he was blown up, but because his hour was come.

The most extreme Calvinistic views of Providence justify avoidance of a visible danger, as in the well-known story of the Scotchwoman who refused to cross the Forth in a ferry-boat during a storm, and replied to the ferryman who asked if she would not trust in Providence, "Na, na, I'll no trust in Providence while there's a brig at Stirling."

Unfortunately, persons like the sapient Red-head are beyond all reasoning, and are insensible to ridicule. The Staten Island Ferry Company may think such crooked intellects are created for their benefit; but what a satire it is on our administration of justice that such an individual should have been intrusted with the performance of any, even of the meanest duty!

OUR BALANCE-SHEET.

ONE of the loudest pleas set up for the Grant Administration, is the cry of national prosperity. "Look at the finances!" his advocates always cry, and make up a sum pleasing to the eye.

Now, figures, like facts, are "very stubborn things," when they are not "cooked." But our experience in the Ring manipulations in this city prove how flexible even figures may be made by cipherers indifferent to the truth.

Fortunately, we have authentic and reliable information on this very point, which cannot be contradicted, and it does not bear out the eulogies lavished on the Administration in this regard.

Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, whose duty it is to report on this matter, has made his statement, showing anything but a rosy condition of things financially. Mr. Dawes is a good Republican, too, and his honesty no man, of any party, will be found to impugn.

This is his statement, concisely put:

Our national expenses for the current year, without including the public debt, have risen to the enormous figure of \$273,000,000.

Take the deficiency appropriations, corporation taxes to be refunded, and money to be paid for public buildings, and we must add \$26,000,000 more, making a sum total of \$299,000,000. Gross income, say, \$317,000,000, leaving balance in Treasury but \$17,788,975, without having paid one dollar of the public debt except the accruing interest.

This involves the borrowing of \$10,000,000 to pay into the Sinking Fund.

This certainly is not an exhibit to be proud of, when the prosperous condition of the country, its immense and expanding resources, and the grinding taxation of our people, are taken into consideration.

Where the money has gone which has flowed so freely into the Treasury, and just as freely out of it again, recent revelations made in and out of Congress show. It is true we have not been able to trace them all up to that source, but the rivulets all run from the White House as a centre.

The wants of an "economical Administration" must indeed have expanded immensely when nearly \$300,000,000 prove inadequate to meet them, and deficiency bills and loans stare our people in the face at the close of the fiscal year, after their quiet endurance of such taxation as no people ever quietly bore before.

This may be good financing—it may be a result to be proud of in the eyes of the men who have profited by these liberal disbursements and leakages. But it is very questionable whether the honest tax-payers of the country will be smitten with the same admiration of a balance-sheet which shows so sorry a result.

In view of these figures, it might be more prudent, as well as modest, to stop the howling over this great Administration merit.

MOSLEM AND BRITISH LIBERALITY.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, is a lively paper, but it does not know everything, and sometimes needs information. In a recent issue it says, "There is a call for a Turkish Disraeli." The *Herald*, the Tory organ, repeats the cry, and adds: "When will a Turkish Disraeli climb from the ranks of unbelievers and aliens to the highest political place among the faithful, and lead, as with a chain of iron, the Moslem aristocracy?"

Now, it is curious to observe how little the leaders of public opinion in England must know of the East—wherein their people have so large a stake—as to make such utterances.

The greatest of Turkish generals, who has not only "led as with a chain of iron the Moslem aristocracy" for many years, as well as commanded the more fanatical common people in battle, is, like Mr. Disraeli, an unbeliever and an alien.

Omar Pasha was by birth an Austrian and a Christian, and on no man in the Turkish Empire have power, place and wealth been more lavished.

But to come nearer still, and at a point where English interests are yet more deeply involved, in Egypt, the man who fills even a

higher rôle than Disraeli in England, has climbed up to his high post "from the ranks of unbelievers and aliens."

That man is Nubar Bey, by birth an Armenian Christian, who fills the same post in Egypt which the famous Reshid Pasha formerly filled in Turkey—that of Prime Minister and moving agent of all great measures of reform.

He is the very right hand and brain of the Egyptian Government, in spite of those supposed disabilities, for he never has changed his religion, but still professes and practices the Christian faith.

The contrast is to the disadvantage of England, which, professing to be so much more enlightened and liberal, has never forgiven Mr. Disraeli his blood, and the faith of his fathers, which he himself never professed. In "bigoted" Turkey or Egypt, nobody twits Omar Pasha with having been, or Nubar Bey with still being, "an unbeliever and an alien."

But in free England the crime of Mr. Disraeli's ancestry cannot be condoned even by services so signal, and talents so superior as to cause him "to lead as with a chain of iron the British aristocracy," balking and kicking dreadfully at being forced to follow such a lead. Nay, it cannot even save him from the covert sneer of the great Tory organ, at its greatest leader; which points the moral as to the respective liberality of the Moslem and the English aristocrat in a manner very curious to contemplate.

No, it must be admitted that proscriptive intolerance is a plant which flourishes more rankly in Christian England than in Mohammedan Turkey.

Every one who is conversant with English political parties knows that Tory opposition to Mr. Disraeli's leadership is one of the chief causes which paralyze the power of that very strong organization. He, like General Grant, suffers from "the fire in the rear" all the time.

THE GREAT FIASCO.

IT is not often that we reprint our own articles in order to show that we are prophets, or sons of prophets. But the following passages from our leading editorial of March 18th, 1871 (more than a year ago), justify us, in view of the "American Case" in Geneva, in claiming a prescience akin to prophecy. We then said, *apropos* of the "High Joints," that—

"It needs no great degree of prescience to foresee that the 'Joint High Commission' of the United States and Great Britain, that has just commenced its sittings in Washington, will be a failure. It will be a failure because its objects, so far as indicated in the terms of its appointment, on both sides, are indefinite, and because its action, whatever it may be, cannot be final. Its proceedings must all come under review of the respective Governments of the United States and Great Britain, and if both agree to them, they must still be relegated to another Commission to settle the practical parts of the matters at issue, such as awards, etc.,—a thing infinitely more difficult and more likely to be embarrassing than a loose definition of principles concerning neutrality, fishing, etc., which seems to be all that is within the scope of the 'High Commission.'

"How vague the notion of what its duties really are, was well illustrated by Mr. Disraeli in the British House of Commons. To his mind the Commission is not to confine itself to *Alabama Claims*, Fenian Claims, the Fisheries, and all that, but to take in hand the bungcombe utterances of Ben Butler, George Francis Train, the *Bungtown Sockdotager*, and the immortal Pogram, to say nothing of Chandler of Michigan, and to so settle matters that henceforth there shall be no invidious allusions to the scanty, attenuated tail, and departed virility of the British lion.

"Should the 'High Commission' follow out the suggestions of Mr. Disraeli, it will probably agree upon and establish a 'Permanent Board of Squelchers,' to whom Butler will be remitted for the gag, Train for an operation for the simples, the *Sockdotager* for suppression, and Chandler for consignment to Blinghampton.

"Of one thing we may be certain: if the 'High Commission' comes to an understanding, the result will be, if not a surrender of American rights (which is one thing), certainly of American pretensions. But nothing of real and definite value will come of all this parade and pomposity. The real issues between the United States and Great Britain will be far from permanent adjustment when the Commission breaks up, as now."

We have the realization of our predictions in the fact that the relations between the United States and Great Britain were never more unfriendly and critical than at this moment.

ORGANIZE!

PUBLIC opinion is crystallizing, and the opposition in the Republican ranks to the renomination of General Grant is fast taking form. Not too early. The call for the Cincinnati meeting, made by the Liberal Republicans of Missouri, was, from the necessities of the case, somewhat obscure and indefinite in terms. It called for a "conference," in which anybody and everybody might claim to participate, instead of a convention of delegates, selected by districts or in some formal manner, and bearing proper credentials. It called for, substantially, a mass meeting, in which Administration roughs, weavers, gaugers, and Government subordinates of all kinds, might appear and howl down the comparatively few

men from distant parts of the country who have the time and means to go to Cincinnati. Those who made the call undoubtedly made it in a tentative way, and used the terms they did to avoid even the appearance of assuming to speak for the Anti-Administration Republicans. But it seems to us that the time has come for somebody, or some body of men, to take the liberty of suggesting some regular mode of action—some mode of securing an authoritative representation in what it is now understood will prove a *Nominating Convention*.

We know of no body of men from whom such a suggestion can come with more propriety or more authority than the leaders of the Reform movement in Congress, reinforced, if deemed best, by the endorsement of leading Reform Republicans out of Congress.

For ourselves, we think a delegation of two from each Congressional district, chosen in such way as the Reform Republicans in each district may elect, would give dignity and authority to the proposed gathering. It is clear that men, we will say from this city, are not going to travel a thousand miles or more to attend a mere mass meeting, in which, from the nature of the case, their voice would be but imperfectly heard, if heard at all.

We anticipate slight if any differences of opinion as regards either men or measures at Cincinnati; but whatever is done there, should be done decently and in order. If order is Nature's first law, organization is the first requisite to political success. Organize!

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

IT was one of Voltaire's most famous sarcasms, when the English Government caused Admiral Byng to be shot for supposed cowardice, that it was "an English habit to shoot one admiral to encourage the others!" It seems his countrymen are at this late day adopting a similar policy toward their own people. Now that the Republic has possession of the Government of France, and liberty is the watchword of the hour, we read of constant and continued executions of the Communists, whom a generous Government could well afford to pardon. Three more of these men were shot on *Sunday morning*, the 17th, at Satory. Little sympathy as we may have with these men, and with the crimes with which they have been charged, it yet seems to us to be bad policy on the part of M. Thiers and his Republic to keep alive the memory of those old feuds, and run up an account of vengeance with the survivors. The policy of mercy would prove the most judicious as well as the most humane one, for the fires still lurk under the ashes of that red revolution, needing only a little fanning to burst forth luridly again. We see, too, that to follow out the Voltairean precedent more closely, and to encourage the other French generals, left as its sole legacy by the late Empire, the Committee of the Assembly charged to examine into Buzenval's capitulation of Metz, have recommended that the marshal be tried by court-martial. This of itself foreshadows disgrace and punishment to him, and will excite among his friends, and possibly in the army, feelings of anger and distrust. A provisional Republic and provisional Assembly run great risks in carrying things with so high a hand. Amnesty and oblivion are the best salves for healing over the wounds inflicted by civil strife. It is a lesson France might have learned from the United States.

THE cable brings us the news that an immense public demonstration in honor of Joseph Mazzini, the famous agitator, took place at Rome on the 17th. The bust of the deceased patriot was carried through the streets, with banners and bands of music, to the Capitol, where it was deposited with imposing ceremonies. This was indeed a strange spectacle for Rome, and proving the immense revolution through which she has so peacefully passed to become the capital of an united Italy. Since 1848, when he was the soul of the heroic resistance against the French invaders, Joseph Mazzini living would have put foot in Rome at peril of his life. Even long after Italy had revived its unity under her *Re Galantuomo*, Victor Emmanuel, the Italian agitator was feared as much by the new as he had been by the old *régime*, and his name was the watchword of new revolution. The last tidings we had of him, just before the news came of his death, was that he was plotting another revolution to overthrow Victor Emmanuel, and make Italy a republic; so that doubtless these posthumous honors were cheerfully accorded to his memory. Ever since Aspromonte, when Garibaldi lost his power and prestige over the fickle-minded people who before had so blindly followed his lead, Mazzini has been the informing spirit of all the discontented Italian plotters. Abler far intellectually than Garibaldi, his life was a standing menace to the Italian monarchy, and its partisans must breathe easier now that he is gone. He and Garibaldi had quarreled some time since, and that quarrel probably preserved the public peace. Sworn foe to the Papacy as well, the adherents of the Pope must also have witnessed this demonstration with the same mingled feelings as those of the King. But the spectacle was most impressive as marking the new

departure Rome has taken, and evincing the popular feeling in that great centre of religious faith.

A DAILY contemporary pays tribute to the importance and power of caricature by pictorial representations. It says that the man who commands that power has his drawings stuck upon the walls of the poorest dwellings, and stored away in the portfolios of the wealthiest connoisseurs. A man who can appeal powerfully to millions of people, with a few strokes of the pencil, must be admitted to be a great power in the land. No writer can possibly possess a tenth part of his influence. He addresses the learned and the unlearned alike. Many people can't read "leading articles," others do not choose to read them, others do not understand them when they have read them. But you cannot help seeing his pictures, and when you have seen them you cannot fail to understand them. But the power of producing caricatures may go to the limit of indecency and vulgarity. The *Tribune*, defending Mr. Sumner, says of a pictorial contemporary, that its "pictorial blackguard has caricatured and libeled him, from week to week, as though he were a second Tweed or Connolly." This is wholly wrong.

WE published last week, under the heading of "SIGNIFICANT," a brief article from the *Tribune*, in which that paper expounds its ability, not to say willingness, to accept the platform of the Democratic Party, as regards the Tariff and Free Trade, as laid down by the Convention of 1868, held in this city. Precisely what that particular "plank" was, thus becomes of interest. It was this:

"The Democratic Party, in National Convention assembled, demand such a tariff for revenue upon foreign imports, and such equal taxation under the internal revenue laws, as will afford incidental protection to domestic manufactures, and as will, without impairing the revenue, impose the least burden upon and best promote and encourage the great industrial interests of the country."

In this connection the utterances of the *Hartford Times*, the leading Democratic journal of Connecticut, become of significance:

"So long as we have an immense national debt, there must of necessity be heavy taxes placed upon goods imported from foreign countries. We hear a good deal of free trade. There are not one hundred men in the United States who are literally free-traders. The Democratic Party of Connecticut are in favor of a revenue tariff, discriminating, so far as practicable, in favor of home productions. It has always favored that idea. At the present time the national debt is so great that no party could make a revenue bill that would not protect every essential interest."

THE pressure of other matter, and the necessity of time for the completion of our engravings, have compelled us to defer for a week or two the continuation of "Our Homeless Poor," but these pictures and illustrations will be taken up again and pursued so long as there is anything new to say on the subject. The truth and force of these descriptions have, we are happy to say, made a deep impression on the public mind, and will doubtless result in a great amelioration of sufferings which have been, up to this time, so little understood. True, there are benevolent societies and charitable men and women always at work in these poverty-stricken districts, but the Lodging-Houses and Station-Houses can only be seen, as they exist, in the depths of the night, and with protection from the public authorities. Therefore it is seldom that ladies, or even gentlemen, can inform themselves of the absolute destitution in which so many persons live. If any other lady has undertaken to search out this kind of poverty in the danger and darkness of the night before Mrs. Stephens set the example, we have never heard of it. It is our object to have this subject properly laid before the Legislature of the State when all its details are completed, and if a shade of humanity exists among our public men, this horrible state of things will be done away with for ever.

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN JERUSALEM.

THESE two pictures by Mr. Selous, which have been so popular throughout England, are now on exhibition at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. When we say "so popular," we do so without any wish to detract from their high merit, in filling a void in modern historical landscape painting, which no artist save Mr. Selous had ever thought of occupying.

They are two remarkably suggestive pictures. The Modern Jerusalem we ourselves can vouch for as an admirable portraiture of one of the most remarkable cities of the elder world. In every respect it is wonderfully accurate. Each church and mosque is, as it were, daguerreotyped, while the figures in the foreground, the sweep of country and the casual landscape elements are given with the learning and hand of a master. It is, however, in the Ancient Jerusalem that the painter attests most fully his capability of treating such subjects. Here he has displayed an antiquarianism of research which is as remarkable as it is unusual in any painter. Possibly some of the buildings may be exaggerated in size and grandeur, but they are studied closely upon history, and their position and relative importance are undoubtedly correct, while the luminous character of the atmosphere and luxuriance of the scene are unrivaled in any painting which we have recently seen. To both Christian and Jew these pictures must be of undeniable interest, and we recommend any one who is at all an admirer of Art, as well as all who are religiously disposed, not to omit the chance of seeing two such re-

markable works, which place before us the glory of the old Jewish dispensation, and the remains of that city in which the Saviour taught, in so thoroughly full, yet minutely careful a manner.

#### LEET'S "MESS."

ON the staff of great Ulysses proudly rode one Colonel Leet, His "headquarters in the saddle," fit for "forward" or "retreat;" All unwounded from the foray, free from record or from scar, Taking distant views of battle thro' the smoke of Grant's cigar.

When "the cruel war was over," and the rebels owned defeat, Then dismounted from his war-horse boots and spurs of Colonel Leet; "Dulce" it is and "decorum" for my country dear, said he, I have bled for fame and glory—let my "Patria" bleed for me.

How in civil-list he battled, let the warehouse-action tell; Fighting under General Order, on the staff of Old Grinnell, All alone he charged the merchants: charged 'em till they broke and ran— Ran from loads of double charges on the breeches-loading plan.

'Twas the custom of his country, and he slimly did his duty; Crammed the greenbacks in his boot-legs, filled a Stocking with the booty— Till the merchants growing weaker, raised a signal of distress, And Ulysses sent his doctors to investigate the mess.

How they lanced the gallant colonel, let the daily records show: Baffled Leet, and worst'd Stocking, never rallied from the blow; And this noble brace of warriors, caught in this unpleasant mess, Never more will have the bleeding of our general Uncle S.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

"CASTILIAN DAYS" is the title of an interesting work on Spain, and the social and political life of the Spaniards, by Mr. Hay, the author of "The Pike County Ballads." Writing on the *morale* of Spanish politics, Mr. Hay says: "I was one day talking with a most cultivated and enlightened gentleman, who spoke with great warmth and admiration of the liberal representative systems of England and America. 'We shall have it here finally, I suppose,' he added, with bitter sadness, 'the only trouble will be for the first five or six hundred years.' Absolute monarchy Mr. Hay thinks clearly impossible, and like a true American, believes that the only logical solution, and the one which offers most possibilities of safety and permanence, is a Republic. The chapter on the great national festival of Spain—the bull fight—contains some interesting information on that subject. According to Mr. Hay, 4,700 bull-fights took place in Spain during the year 1864, causing the death of 2,900 bulls, and also about 7,475 horses, more than half the number used in the cavalry of Spain. Altogether, Mr. Hay presents us with a lively and very acceptable book on a country in which he for some years resided as Secretary of the American Legation.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### Rome Outside the Vatican—"No Admittance except on Business."

The illustration represents two Italian soldiers peeping into the Vatican. They probably only wish to obtain a view of the Galleries, or perchance to get a peep at His Holiness; but the Swiss guard, whose feelings are somewhat hostile to the Piedmontese intruders, declines to grant the desired favor, and announces that entrance is only permitted to those having actual business with the inmates.

##### The New British Iron-Clad War-Steamer "Devastation."

Within the last few years the British Government has devoted considerable attention to the improvement of its navy, and although even our *Alabama* question is not indicative of a hostile collision, our English cousins act upon the prudent maxim—in peace prepare for war. We have already published an illustration of the new iron-clad, the *Devastation*, and we now give a view of its companion, the *Devastation*. Both are vessels of the turret order, carrying two guns of immense calibre, weighing twenty-five tons, which were cast at the Arsenal at Woolwich. These steamers are not intended for sea service, but for river and harbor defense.

##### The Lord Mayor of London Presenting the City Sword to the Queen, at Temple Bar.

One of the incidents of the recent national thanksgiving in England recalls a time-honored custom which illustrates the peculiar ideas of that nation on the subject of municipal rights. So tenacious have the citizens of London always been of the ancient privilege of that city, that neither the Royal troops, nor even Royalty itself, is allowed to pass Temple Bar without first asking and receiving permission to that effect from the representative of the Municipality in person of the Lord Mayor. It is this incident in the pageant of February 27th, which is represented in our engraving, and which is thus described by an enthusiastic subject: "Never did Her Majesty assume a more truly imperial guise—no, not even when at Westminster, four-and-thirty years ago, she knelt before the altar while Archibishop Howley placed the crown upon her fair young head; no, not even when, in the days gone by, she was wont to address her Parliament, with her royal robes upon her, and the Koh-i-noor flashing in her bosom—with her magnates around her, and with her wise Consort by her side—than when, on the historic Tuesday, she passed through Temple Bar in simple state, and in her unrenowned weeds, shaking hands, as it were, with her people, and with their cries of loyal affection for a God-speed, going placidly to bend the knee in gratitude before that throne where the queen and the beggar, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, the little child that can just fold its hands in prayer and the old man that can scarce keep his palms together for the pain, are all equal."

Transforming Auditorium of the Paris Opera House into a Ball-Room  
The festival of Shrove Tuesday, or *Mardi-Gras*, the last day of the Carnival, was celebrated in Paris with

all the hilarity peculiar to that portion of the Latin race, and whose natural viveliness of temperament not even the grim events of the last two years could repress. Our illustration shows one of the preparations for the crowning feature of the carnival festivities—the ball at the Grand Opera House. Groups of workmen are busily engaged in a kind of labor not often witnessed by the public, the result being that in a few hours the entire auditorium, as well as the stage, is transformed from its usual theatrical appearance into a brilliantly decorated ball-room.

##### Patriotic Cavalcade at Dunkirk, France.

Our illustration represents one of the efforts that are being made by the patriotic women of France, to raise, by subscription, the indemnity money which will secure the relinquishment of French territory by the German army of occupation. In this patriotic work, Dunkirk has joined with hearty good will, making the time honored procession of the *bal masqué* the occasion for collecting subscriptions. The principal object in the grand procession was a huge car, drawn by four horses, and representing France, with Alsace and Lorraine on each side, soliciting for their deliverance the aid of the towns of Dunkirk, Berck, Gravelines and Hondschoote. In the lower part of the car the past glories of France were symbolized by a group, composed of a soldier of the first republic, of a figure of General Hoche, and of an invalid. The present was represented by another group, formed by an ambulance surgeon attending the wounded, a peasant weeping over his lost harvest and his lost son, a sailor, desperate at the surrender of Paris, and several cadets of the last army of the defense. The future of France was personified by a juvenile trumpeter, surrounded by comrades of his own age. The civic band of musicians of Dunkirk led the way before a large casket, embellished with the national colors, and lent for the occasion by the municipality of Lille to the National Committee of Dunkirk. It was drawn by four horses, and escorted by four commissioners appointed to receive subscriptions.

##### Ladies' Patriotic Committee in France.

The Parisian Committee, one of the meetings of which is represented in our engraving, is composed of a number of ladies of high position, one of whom, Madame Lepel Coignet, has contributed 100,000 francs to the good cause, having thus sacrificed a large part of her fortune, besides giving personal constant efforts. Madame Cibiel and her daughters, Madame J. Darcel and Madame Pierre de Remusat, have together contributed 100,000 francs, Madame Conrad Jameson has given 25,000 francs, and promises to give 100,000 francs, when the subscription shall have reached 400 millions. Our illustration was taken at a meeting at the Hôtel du Louvre, at the moment that some of these munificent contributions were announced.

##### Horse-Car Dépot in Constantinople.

To overcome a long-felt need of locomotion from place to place in Constantinople, a European Society has caused the laying of tracks for several new railway lines. Since last Summer two new routes have been formed. The one dealt with in our engraving extends along Galata, Funduk and Kabataş to Ortaköy. The road traverses several narrow but busy streets, and to meet all difficulties, Egyptian runners are employed to clear the tracks. Strangers have found these cars very valuable institutions, as without any knowledge of the place they are enabled to see all its interesting features. The cars are very comfortable, and are neatly arranged.

##### WASHINGTON ITEMS.

NILSSON opened an operatic season on the 27th inst. in Washington.

HON. REVERDY JOHNSON is in Washington, attending the sessions of the Supreme Court.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN was reading Shakespeare to large and cultivated audiences in Chicago last week.

SECRETARY FISH patronizes Wormley, the famous colored caterer, his family occupying spacious apartments at that restaurant.

MRS. JARED SPARKS, widow of the distinguished historian, and daughter, of Cambridge, Mass., spent the late gay season in Washington.

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE, although he has lost much flesh, has quite restored his health. He presides at court every day, and walks to and from the Capitol.

MRS. JOHN TYLER, widow of Ex-President Tyler, was among the distinguished ladies who frequented the diplomatic gallery of the United States Senate last week.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE NELSON, of the Supreme Court of the United States, has been confined to his residence at Coopersburg, N. Y., by illness, during the whole of the present term of the court.

MISS NELLIE GRANT rides out every pleasant afternoon in Washington, behind a pair of fly-matched Shetland ponies, in a basket vehicle, always accompanied by an imperial gentleman in livery about the size of Alexis.

GRANT'S "competitive civil service reform" got a black eye in the House Appropriation Committee, on Friday last, the vote being against appropriating \$50,000 to pay Mr. George W. Curtis and his compatriots for running the guillotine.

MR. RICHARD H. DANA, JR., of Boston, author of "Two Years Before the Mast," a distinguished member of the Massachusetts Bar, has recently been in Washington, the guest of Hon. Samuel Foote, a representative from Massachusetts.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT was before the Committee on the Pacific Railroad, of the United States House of Representatives, on the 22d inst., and obtained the necessary additional aid to enable him to make rapid progress with the Southern (Texas) Pacific Railroad.

JUDGE DAVID DAVIS has become quite a target in Washington. Large numbers of people visit the old Senate Chamber, where the Supreme Court holds its sessions, to take a peep at the Presidential candidate. He is a fine-looking man, of years of age, and weighs 255 pounds.

IT is expected that William H. Seward, William C. Bryant, Charles Sumner, Park Goodwin, Horace Greeley, S. P. Chase, Ex-Governor Clifford and Bullock, of Massachusetts, and Ex-Secretary Cox, of Ohio, will be present at the Cincinnati Convention among other eminent citizens.

JAMES L. WILSON, of Iowa, Grant's candidate for Vice-President at Philadelphia, was one of 23 corporators asking Congress to give them \$5,000,000 to facilitate commerce between the United States and China, Japan, and the countries of Asia." The House, by an almost overwhelming vote, laid the bill on the table. Colonel Thomas A. Scott was one of the corporators.

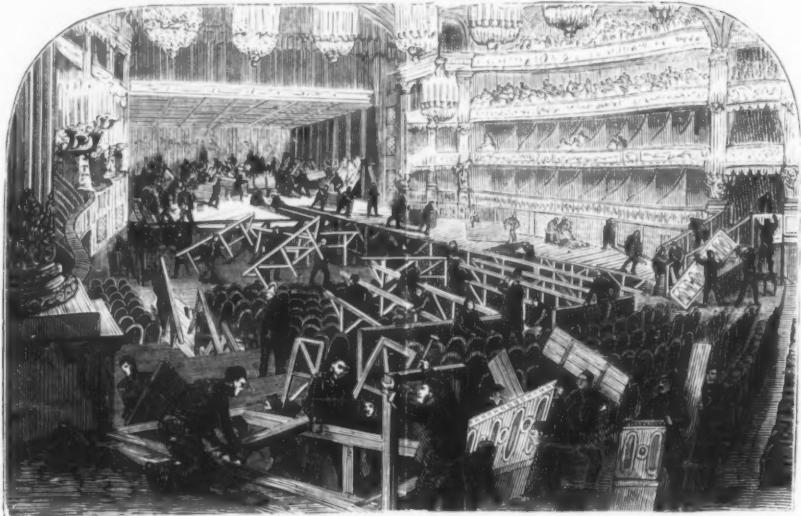
LOTTY HOUGH, who has been delivering her popular lectures, entitled "Popping the Question," in the interior towns, was accidentally thrown out of a sleigh in Utica a few days since, and so seriously injured as to prevent her from meeting several of her engagements. Fortunately she was in the city where her father, who is a physician, resides.

THE venerable Francis P. Blair, Sr., is quite active and vigorous. He frequently visits the Capitol and listens to the debates. He occupied a seat in the Senate during most of the debate on the sale of arms to France. He heard Sumner close the debate, and says it was the most statesmanlike effort of Sumner's life, and one of the best speeches that he (Blair) has heard in forty years.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE



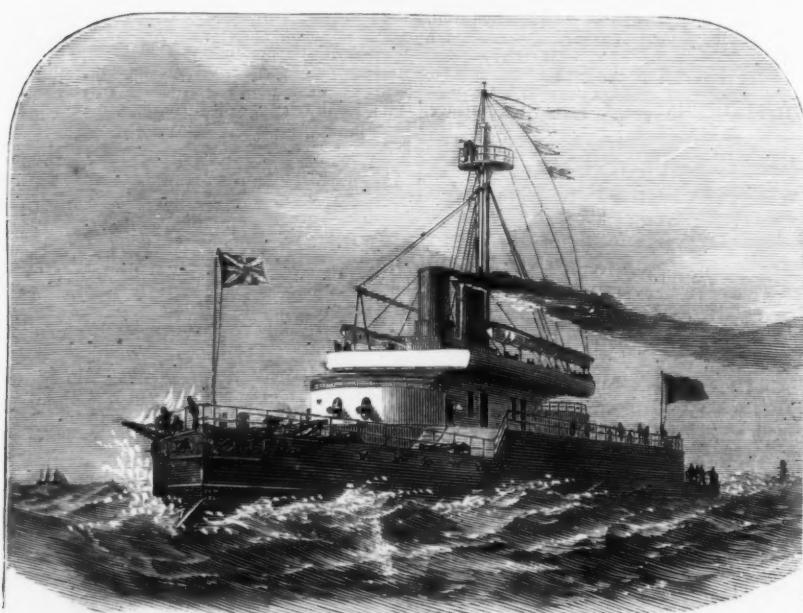
ITALY.—OUTSIDE THE VATICAN—"NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON BUSINESS."



FRANCE.—TRANSFORMING THE AUDITORIUM OF THE OPERA HOUSE AT PARIS INTO A BALL-ROOM FOR THE MARDI-GRAS CELEBRATION.



FRANCE.—CAVALCADE AT DUNKIRK FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LADIES' PATRIOTIC SUBSCRIPTION.



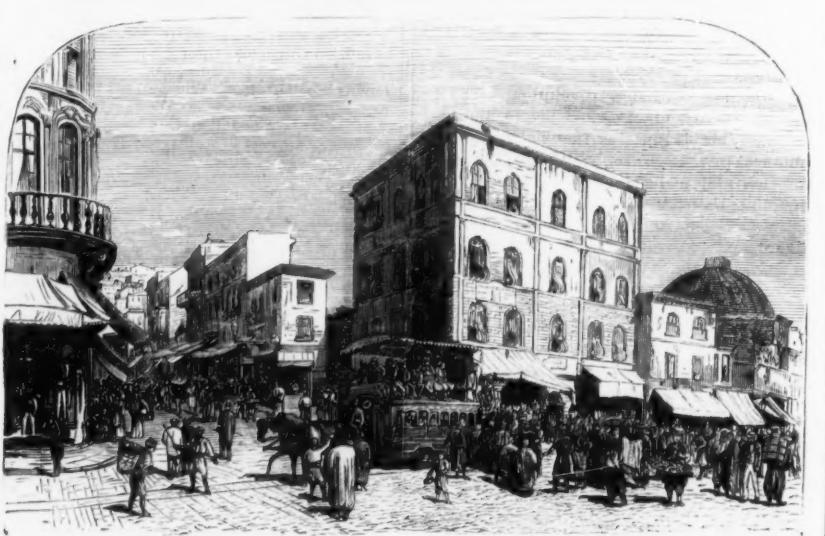
ENGLAND.—THE NEW IRON-CLAD TURRET-STEAMER "DEVASTATION."



FRANCE.—MEETING OF THE LADIES' PATRIOTIC SUBSCRIPTION COMMITTEE AT PARIS.



ENGLAND.—THE LORD MAYOR PRESENTING THE CITY SWORD TO THE QUEEN AT TEMPLE BAR.



TURKEY.—HORSE-RAILWAY STATION AT GALATA.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE FUNERAL OF THE MURDERED DETECTIVE LAMBRECHT—THE FRIENDS TAKING A LAST VIEW OF THE REMAINS.

## A DETECTIVE'S FUNERAL.

SUNDAY, March 17th, witnessed the funeral of another officer of the Police Department who came to his death by reason of injuries received while in the discharge of his duty. For many years past, the upper part of First Avenue has been infested with a set of roughs as desperate as ever cut a throat. As recent as the 25th of February, a row occurred in one of

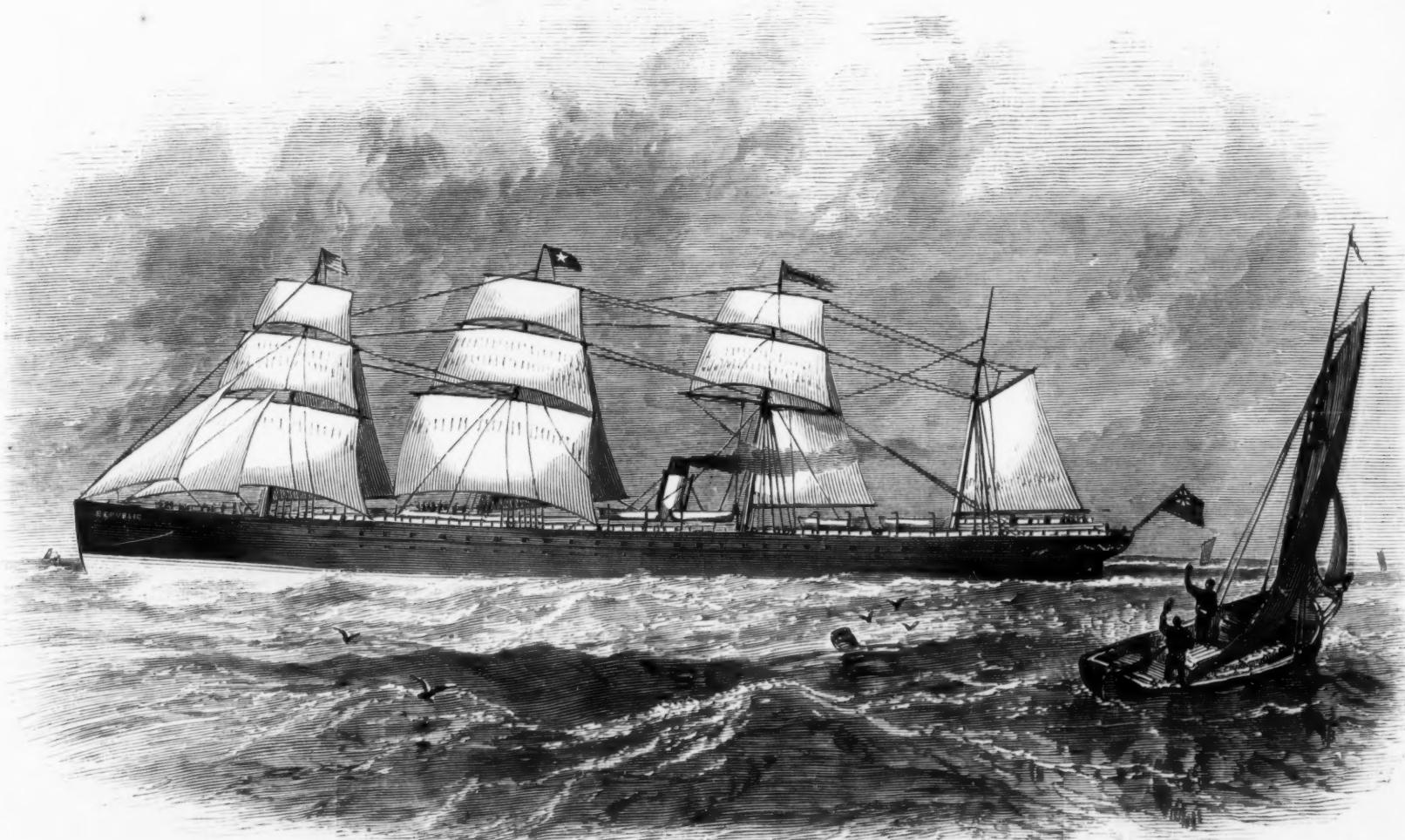
the numerous drinking-saloons, and Officer Tully, who was promptly on hand, was set upon and most unmercifully beaten by two of the gang.

Philip Lambrecht, a detective of the Nineteenth Precinct, with three fellow-officers, started, in citizen's clothes, to arrest the assailants. At the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and First Avenue were standing six drunken quarrymen, who, thinking Lambrecht and the other

officers were citizens, attacked them. The officers made a brave fight, but Lambrecht was struck from behind on the head with a block of marble, and fell to the earth. He jumped up again, and, though his skull was fractured, grappled with George Laverty, the man who dealt him the deadly blow. Aid arrived, and two other members of the gang—William Laverty, a brother of George, and William Fitzgerald—were secured. Lambrecht himself

brought George Laverty to the station-house. There it was found that Lambrecht's skull was fractured, and he was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, where he died on the 14th of March.

Superintendent Keiso very properly ordered out a large portion of the off-platoons for the funeral escort, and the honors paid the dead detective were witnessed by many thousands of citizens. The police left the Central Office at 12:30, with Grafulla's band at the head. Super-

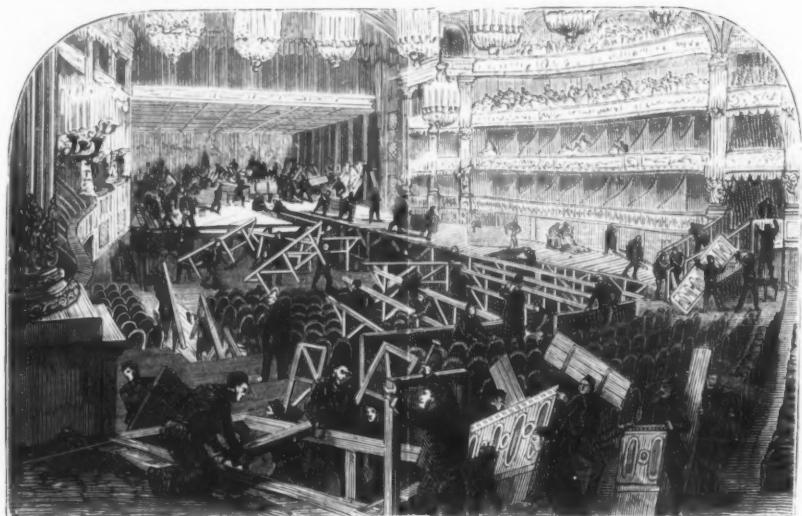


NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW STEAMSHIP "REPUBLIC" OF THE "WHITE STAR" LINE.

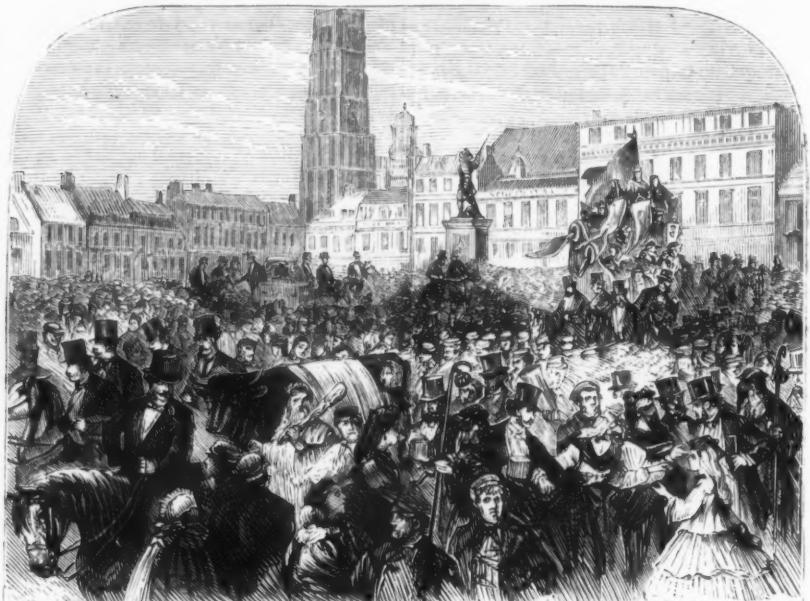
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE



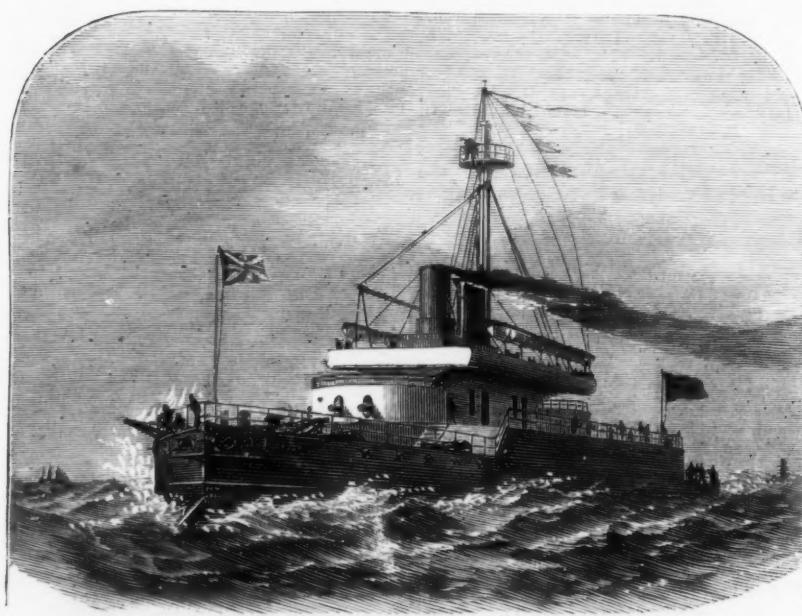
ITALY.—OUTSIDE THE VATICAN—"NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON BUSINESS."



FRANCE.—TRANSFORMING THE AUDITORIUM OF THE OPERA HOUSE AT PARIS INTO A BALL-ROOM FOR THE MARDI GRAS CELEBRATION.



FRANCE.—CAVALCADE AT DUNKIRK FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LADIES' PATRIOTIC SUBSCRIPTION.



ENGLAND.—THE NEW IRON-CLAD TURRET-STEAMER "DEVASTATION."



FRANCE.—MEETING OF THE LADIES' PATRIOTIC SUBSCRIPTION COMMITTEE AT PARIS.



ENGLAND.—THE LORD MAYOR PRESENTING THE CITY SWORD TO THE QUEEN AT TEMPLE BAR.



TURKEY.—HORSE-RAILWAY STATION AT GALATA.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE FUNERAL OF THE MURDERED DETECTIVE LAMBERT.—THE FRIENDS TAKING A LAST VIEW OF THE REMAINS.

## A DETECTIVE'S FUNERAL.

SUNDAY, March 17th, witnessed the funeral of another officer of the Police Department who came to his death by reason of injuries received while in the discharge of his duty. For many years past, the upper part of First Avenue has been infested with a set of roughs as desperate as ever cut a throat. As recent as the 25th of February, a row occurred in one of

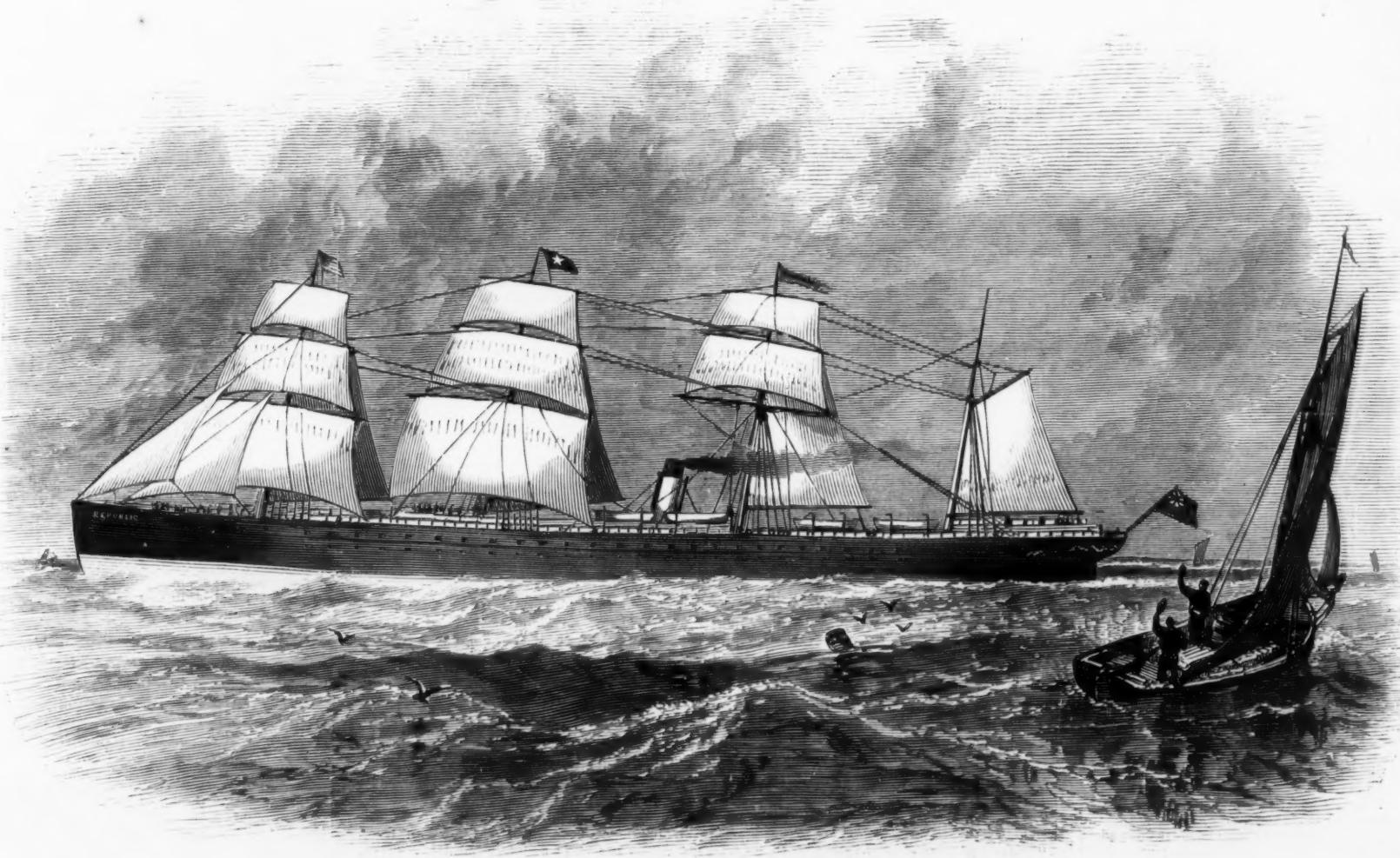
the numerous drinking-saloons, and Officer Tilly, who was promptly on hand, was set upon and most unmercifully beaten by two of the gang.

Philip Lambrecht, a detective of the Nineteenth Precinct, with three fellow-officers, started, in citizen's clothes, to arrest the assailants. At the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and First Avenue were standing six drunken quarrymen, who, thinking Lambrecht and the other

officers were citizens, attacked them. The officers made a brave fight, but Lambrecht was struck from behind on the head with a block of marble, and fell to the earth. He jumped up again, and, though his skull was fractured, grappled with George Laverty, the man who dealt him the deadly blow. Aid arrived, and two other members of the gang—William Laverty, a brother of George, and William Fitzgerald—were secured. Lambrecht himself

brought George Laverty to the station-house. There it was found that Lambrecht's skull was fractured, and he was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, where he died on the 14th of March.

Superintendent Kelso very properly ordered out a large portion of the off-platoons for the funeral escort, and the honors paid the dead detective were witnessed by many thousands of citizens. The police left the Central Office at 12:30, with Grafula's band at the head. Super-



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW STEAMSHIP "REPUBLIC," OF THE "WHITE STAR" LINE.

Intendent Kelso took command of the procession, being accompanied by Inspectors Jamieson and Dilks, the advance company under Captain Charles Uman, of the Fourth Precinct, followed by the color company under Captain A. J. Alaire, of the Broadway Squad. This company carried the flag of the Police Department. In one carriage were Commissioners Smith, Manierre and Barr; another carriage, which was empty, represented the Riot Relief Fund Committee. The procession moved up Broadway to Fourteenth Street, through to Fifth Avenue, up to Fifty-fourth Street, and down to Mrs. Lambrecht's house, near the East River.

The remains were incased in a beautiful casket, placed in the reception-room, and guarded by the veteran corps of Hawkins's Zouaves, of which the deceased was a member, and the officers of the Nineteenth Precinct.

All the Central Office telegraph operators were present in mourning. At length the head of the police procession reached the corner of First Avenue, and the men of the Nineteenth Precinct, under Captain Gunner, marched round the coffin and took a last look at their departed comrade. The coffin-lid was closed down and the body carried out by the police of the Nineteenth Precinct. One uniformed company of the Zouaves followed the band, then the Veteran Association, the Police Commissioners, the Superintendent, four companies, the hearse, surrounded by a guard of honor of the Nineteenth Precinct and veterans of the Ninth Regiment, and the remaining companies of police, followed by 110 carriages. The procession passed through Madison Avenue, down to Thirty-fourth Street, and through to the ferry, from which the Veteran Association and the guard of honor from the Nineteenth Precinct proceeded to Calvary Cemetery, where the remains were interred.

Lambrecht's record as a Union soldier was referred to with pride by his friends. They narrated how he had done faithful service for two years with company C, in Hawkins's Zouaves; how, at the battle of Roanoke, he had seized the colors from the falling standard-bearer, advanced forty feet in front of the line, and so inspired his comrades with fresh courage. They told, also, of his service after the expiration of his first term, with the Eighty-fourth Regiment, New York Volunteers, under Colonel Conklin, his re-enlistment in the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Regiment, from New York, and of his gallant bearing at the fall of Fort Wagner. He was but twenty-six years of age, and remarkable for his pluck and wonderful muscular development. The Committee of the Riot Relief Fund promptly paid the family the sum of \$500.

#### PARTED FRIENDS.

For years they journey'd side by side,  
Good friends and true; and now they part.  
Asunder in the world so wide,  
Asunder yet still one in heart.

The grasp'd right hand that friendship gave  
Still holds its fellow hand in thought.  
True to each other till the grave,  
True friends in sorrow and in sport.

Though Time may touch with silver thread  
The hair, and mark the brow with care,  
May thin the locks upon the head,  
And leave his impress everywhere;

Yet never can he friendship break  
Knit in old days of love and truth;  
Old Time, though strong, he can ne'er shake  
The pleasant memories of youth.

Ay, keep these pleasures of the past  
And bind them round each heart; they are  
Bright memories that about us cast  
A spell of light like Even's star.

They may not meet: yet they are one:  
In this world parted still are they;  
True friends till life-long task is done,  
And each is called to rest away.

#### MY GUARDIAN'S SON.

BY  
FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

#### CHAPTER V.

RUTH BYERSON broke off abruptly, and it was many moments before she recovered sufficient composure to go on with her sad story, while I crouched at her feet with a chill about my heart growing stronger and stronger, till the pain was beyond any suffering I ever experienced.

"This was what had happened. Richard Phelps said he had been up very late, copying some papers for his uncle in the library, and that about twelve o'clock he heard Mr. Harry come down-stairs and go out of the hall-door, as he often did on moonlight nights, walking about sometimes for hours, for he was always a poor sleeper.

"Richard thought no more of that; but a few moments after he heard a noise, and looked up, and saw his cousin Roland at the door. He called out, and Roland disappeared, and he heard the outside door close. While he was wondering what could have brought him there after his uncle's forbidding him the house, he heard a noise in the shrubbery—his uncle's voice. Then a great fear struck him—he roused the men-servants, and out they all rushed, down toward the lake. They found Mr. Harry lying on the ground, and Roland bending over him with a stick in his hand, quite dazed and confused, like a crazy person, when they seized him. There was a blow on the left temple of the dead man, and the mark was the same size as the end of the stick. It does seem as if he must have done it in a fit; but I can't believe it—I won't believe it.

"There was no sleep for anybody that night. Oh! it was awful! awful! In the confusion, nobody remembered Mabel Dunning, but when morning came, she was not to be found in her room, and from that time to this she has never been seen or heard of. They found pieces of a letter on her table—it was Roland's writing—but so torn, you couldn't make much out of it, only it told her to be prepared to follow him at a moment's notice.

"Everybody thought he had planned the murder, and that she had left the house that night, expecting to meet him somewhere, and that when she found out what had happened, she never dared come back. Others thought she had known about the murder, and some thought he had killed her, too, for a scarf she often wore was found in the shrubbery; but that was the only trace, though they dragged the lake and searched everywhere, and offered great rewards for her discovery.

"Roland was in the county jail, and in two or three days I was allowed to go and see him. I knew from the coroner's inquest that when the trial came there would be no hope for him—the case was too plain; so from the first there wasn't the slightest gleam of light in all my trouble.

"I went to the jail to see him; I hadn't believed him guilty, unless the thing was done a moment of insanity; but when I saw him—when I looked in his face—all the evidence in the world wouldn't have made me believe he killed that man.

"They opened the door of the cell for me, and I went in. He was sitting there, so still and pale; he looked up and saw me—gave one bitter cry—and then we were sobbing in each other's arms—oh! my boy—my boy!

"I can't tell you what we did or said for a while—I must get it all over as quick as I can—even when I think of it I go a'most mad, and it's worse to talk about it.

"From first to last he denied everything, and this was the story he told—but it only set people more against him: He said that day he had received a letter in New York from his uncle, telling him to come back to the house; that he had discovered the truth about the money, and wanted to see him at once. The letter had been delayed, and it was most night when he got it, but he took the evening train and came up.

"He had to walk over from the station, for it was almost midnight; but he determined to go to the house, for he knew his uncle was always up till very late. And he wanted to see him alone. He took a short cut through the fields, which brought him into the grove, and so out into the shrubberies down by the lake.

"Just as he got there, he heard loud voices, then a fall. He ran forward, and there lay his uncle, stiff and dead. He was bending over him, trying to see if he was indeed gone, quite helpless with terror, when the men and Richard rushed out and seized him. He couldn't tell anything more; his story never varied.

"He hadn't seen or heard of Mabel Dunning since he left the house; he denied ever having written her a line in his life. He asked to see the letter, and when they showed it to him, he only repeated: 'I never wrote it—never!'

"Even my testimony before the coroner went against him. I couldn't deny that his uncle had accused him of stealing, and that he had run away with all sorts of vague threats. Oh! that nearer killed me than all the rest, to stand there and give evidence against the boy that was like my own son.

"I must say Mrs. Phelps and Richard didn't show any of their old hate. You might have thought they wanted to screen him in every way they could; but of course they had to tell the truth, and it was enough to weave a halter for his neck.

"So the weeks went on, and his trial was near. There wasn't the slightest hope; the best criminal lawyers told us that—he would be convicted—hung, hung!

"I went to see him every afternoon. I made him as comfortable as I could. There he used to sit, day after day, never complaining, just with a dumb sort of patience that broke me right down. From first to last he refused to see Richard. He let his aunt visit him a few times, but he asked her not to come any more.

"They always hated me," he said. "They think only of the disgrace brought upon them; as for me, they care no more than if I were a dog."

"They did feel the disgrace, there's no doubt of that; they were nearly crazy about it. At last Mrs. Phelps came to me. They had made up a plan for getting Roland out of prison; they wanted me to bring him to consent to escape, for he must know now there was no other help for him.

"Well, I went to him. I pleaded, I begged, down on my knees on his prison-floor; but he was firm as a rock.

"I am innocent," he said; "let them murder me—I will never run away like a guilty man."

"I went back home, and they were quite broken down at my failure. I tried again and again, but it was all of no use. At last I went to him with a lie in my mouth; but, oh! anything was better than to let him die in that awful way. I told him that I believed I had a clue to the real murderer; I couldn't speak then, but if he would escape and go off to a strange country, I would watch night and day till I made his innocence clear. That moved him a little, and my prayers and entreaties did the rest.

"The jailor was bribed—everything was made ready, and they fixed matters so it would look as if he had managed to escape from his cell, which was on the ground-floor. We got him out in the middle of the night; I dressed him in woman's clothes, for he was a slight, girlish-looking figure; I took him to New York myself. When daylight came, he was on board the ship of a relative of mine who was just going to sail for Europe—my boy was saved.

"There had been a will of Mr. Harry's found, leaving the fortune to Richard Phelps, and just

a little bequest to Roland, but he refused to touch that, or a penny of the money his aunt offered—she was generous enough, I will say, but nothing would he have.

"He went away—that is three years ago this Fall, and once only have I heard from him—a letter reminding me of my promise and making me feel so wicked to remember the lie I told—but I saved my boy! oh, I saved my boy! I send the money he gets yearly to a banker in Paris, and it's sent to him, wherever he may be, but where that is I don't know. If I could only have gone with him! But the lie I told prevented that—I had to stay.

"There was a dreadful commotion when it was discovered he had escaped, but nothing ever came of it, and gradually the whole matter died away, as everything does.

"It's been an awful blow to Mrs. Phelps—she's hardly left the house in all these three years; but she's grown prouder and colder, and the people that came to her out of curiosity or sympathy got sent about their business in short order. Mr. Richard comes and goes as he pleases—I know very little about him—I don't wish to.

"I would have left the house, but Mrs. Phelps wanted me to stay, and it looked cruel to leave her in her trouble, for the servants we get take all sorts of fears about the house being haunted, and go without a moment's warning. Besides, I'm alone in the world—I've saved enough to be well off, so here I stay. Some day I shall get up courage to go to Europe, hunt out my boy, and tell him the truth, and if he'll let me live with him and take care of him, that is all I ask in this life.

"People have wondered Mrs. Phelps and Richard could live here, but it seems hard to give up a place that's been in the family so long; and I know her pride so well, that I can understand she'd rather die twenty deaths here every day than go out into the world again. So we've all just lived on, and when I heard you were coming back, it was the first gleam of comfort I've had in all these years.

"Now you know the whole, deary, and don't let's talk about the matter again. I only hope it won't make you afraid of the old house, and want to go away, that's all."

"For a few moments I sat perfectly still and helpless, after she had finished her story. I suppose my white face frightened her, for she called out:

"Miss Elly, dear Miss Elly, don't look so—not! Oh, I wish I hadn't told you—don't look so!"

"I caught her hand in my cold grasp.

"I am not frightened," I said—"not frightened."

"But you are so pale."

"It is very horrible, but my nerves are strong. Ruth, haven't you a portrait of Roland Weston?"

"Yes, dear; I've got one of those half-length photographs—a big, beautiful picture he brought me that last visit he made, which began so bright. Oh, how pleased he was when we saw how happy it made me. But, oh, now I keep it shut up in a great box in my bedroom, and only look at it in secret."

"I want to see it," I said.

"I'll show it to you some time, dear. It's the sweetest, loveliest face—oh, you can't think him guilty when you look at that."

"Show it to me now, Ruth," I urged; "I want to see it."

"I was sick and faint from the recital of those horrors, but I wanted to learn every particular I could, and I pleaded with Ruth till she rose and said:

"Come down the back staircase to my rooms, and I'll show it to you."

"I followed her into a room next mine. She opened a door, and we came suddenly into one of the odd passages with which the house abounded. There was a narrow staircase leading into a lower hall, or, rather, square ante-room, which I had never entered. Ruth pointed to the doors at the right and said:

"Mr. Harry had all the wing beyond this to himself. It's a tower, you know. The rooms are never opened now. There ain't one of us has the heart to go into them."

"I was shuddering with a vague horror; she saw it, unlocked a door to the left with a master-key she carried in her pocket, and hurried me through into the inhabited portion of the house.

"We reached her apartments without meeting any one, and she led me at once into her bedroom.

"Sit down," she said, "and I'll get the picture out."

"There was a large, old-fashioned chest in one corner of the room, toward which she walked. She was greatly agitated still from the recital of that fearful experience, and her hand shook so that she could with difficulty get the key in the lock.

"After several trials she succeeded, threw open the lid, and lifted up a large picture wrapped in a green cloth.

"I keep it as careful as I can," she said, "and I just live in dread that fire or something will happen. It's all I've got to remind me of my darling—all I've got."

"She took the picture out of the chest, set it on a table near one of the windows, and threw back the cloth, saying:

"There, Miss Elly, look at it, and say if an angel's face could be sweeter!"

"I struggled against the strange horror which filled my soul, shook off the weakness which enfeebled my limbs like a sudden palsy, and moved toward the picture.

"I gave one glance—it needed but one—at the pale, sweet face—the pure, gray eyes, so full of melancholy thought, and the mouth, with its full-smile of pensive sweetness.

"I gave one shuddering moan, and fell senseless on the floor. I had seen the face of Robert Gray.

"When I came to myself, Ruth had lifted me on to the bed; she was bathing my face, and crying over me in wild terror.

"I've killed her!" she gasped. "I've killed her! Oh, my darling, my darling!"

"I opened my eyes, and sat up in the bed.

"I am better," I said—"better."

"She gave a cry of joy, and clasped me in her arms, but I pushed her gently aside, and looked toward the table where the picture set.

"I'll put it away," she cried—"I'll put it away. You oughtn't to have seen it; but don't be afraid—don't be afraid!"

"I am not afraid, Ruth," I said, struggling for composure with a strange power of self-control I possessed even in the most terrible moments of my life. "I want to look at it again."

"Don't, deary—forget all about the whole story. Oh! if I hadn't told you, perhaps you'd never have found out. How white you are! Oh! it was wicked of me—wicked!"

"I ought to have known it, Ruth; I shall not be afraid. Help me up, dear—I must see the picture again."

"She was too much agitated and alarmed for any suspicion of the truth to strike her mind; she assisted me to rise, for I was trembling still from the violence of the shock.

I sat down in front of the picture, and at that moment some one knocked at the door of her outer room. She went out, and for a few moments I was alone.

Can you picture to yourself the thoughts with which I sat before that portrait and reflected upon my acquaintance with that man? I looked long into the beautiful face—for it was beautiful—studying every lineament, and comparing it with the features that lived so plainly in my remembrance.

The great change in the countenance was from the utter hopelessness which had come over it. The eyes in the portrait were softened only by the vague, sweet melancholy of youth; the eyes that had looked so deeply into my soul were darkened by that terrible blow, which had set him apart from his kind, and ended his life as completely as if a coffin-lid had closed over him. But it was a noble, honest, pure face—I read it line by line.

The horror and the fear died out of my soul; a great longing rose in my heart to rush forth into the world—to seek him and cry:

"At least I will stand by your side; neither sorrow nor shame shall ever part us."

Then there rose such a whirl of thought in my brain, that I would fix upon no one point of reflection. I was uttering some wild words aloud, when Ruth Byerson entered. She did not catch them, but she saw how my face had changed.

"You are not afraid now," she exclaimed;

"you believe in him as I do."

I rose and laid my hand in hers, feeling in my sudden exultation of thought as if we two helpless women could do battle against his black fate.

"I do believe," I said; "and the end is not yet."

Ruth Byerson only shook her head sadly, and put the picture slowly out of sight.

(To be continued.)

#### SMALLPOX:

THE GREAT EASTERN EPIDEMIC.  
ITS SPREAD, CHARACTER, TREATMENT  
AND PREVENTION.

Of all the epidemics that have cut down alike the flower and stubble of the nations of the earth, none have attained a sway so general as the smallpox. The yellow, typhoid, spotted and other contagious fevers have, it is true, flourished from remote times; yet, to a certain extent, their field has been localized by climatic or sanitary influences. But this dread legacy of the Orient acknowledges "no pent up Utica," but demands an aggressive position in "the whole boundless universe." The barriers that civilized life throws about its domain cannot resist its progress. The higher classes, paying due attention to the requirements of sound health, find their abilites of little avail, while the poor, who live in the world's great byways, with few opportunities of learning the usefulness of the hygienic system, are scarcely less liable to a visit from this horrible plague.

THE ORIGIN OF THE EPIDEMIC  
is shrouded by a veil that continuous ages have only served to render more dense. If the disease had been known to the practitioners of very ancient days, certainly some accounts of its character and treatment would be preserved for future investigation. Yet there have been authorities of good repute who asserted that smallpox was the malady that scourged Athens centuries ago. Be that as it may, we have proofs more definite that the disease was understood about 950 or 960 A.D., for there are evidences of the use of the words *variola* and *pox* about that period. The former word refers to the pimple, and comes from the Latin, while the word *pox*, of pure Saxon origin, signifies a bag. It was not until the fifteenth century that the prefix *small* was put for *pox*. By this time a pretty clear distinction had been drawn between smallpox, measles and scarlet fever, and the duration of the disease brought to a certain limit.

The first appearance of the disease as a plague *per se* is generally supposed to have been about 569 A.D., when an Abyssinian army raised the siege of Mecca,

#### THE SHRINE OF THE FA

but reasonable to suppose that the continual journeying of large armies was the occasion of its introduction, for if it were possible to draw a line of demarcation between its victims, the soldiers of India, Arabia and adjoining countries appeared somewhat more liable to its inception than private citizens.

For a time the violence of the epidemic would appear to abate; then, when the stricken people began to see cause of rejoicing, it broke forth with redoubled horror, and started again on its frightful ravages.

#### THE OPERATION OF THE POISON

is rapid, fourteen days being the usual time for the appearance of the fever after the contagion. The disease is heralded by chills and fever, with pains in the back, nausea, and not unfrequently, delirium. The eruption first shows itself on the face, three days after the fever, and gradually appears over the entire body. On the fifth day it is complete, and the spots swell and fill with corruption. In most cases a dark spot appears on the pustules about the eighth day, which in time is converted into the scab. The confluent type is where the pustules are run together, and is very dangerous. The eleventh day of this form is the most fatal. The persons most liable to die of confluent smallpox are those in infancy, or over forty-five years of age. If one has the disease thoroughly, and recovers, he will enjoy far better health than usual. Instances are recorded where consumptive patients have rallied with healed lungs and excellent health. It clears the system entirely of poisonous influences, destroys fevers, and invests those prematurely debilitated with surprising strength. In this respect it is a great human benefactor.

#### THE TREATMENT OF THE EPIDEMIC

is extremely varied; and, by looking at a few methods, we learn of the great dread in which it has ever been held. In India it is the common practice to plunge the patient in the river as soon as the character of the malady is discovered. Frequent bathing in cold water, and a persistent use of cooling, herbaceous decoctions, are invariably prescribed. In some parts of the East, a strong mud-tard plaster is applied to the breast, which brings the eruption to the surface, thus localizing the disease, and preserving the face from disfigurement. These remedies gave rise, on the one hand, to the application of hydropathic principles, and on the other, to the use of croton oil and ointment of corrosive sublimate.

The eruptions were formerly encouraged by a hot atmosphere and stimulating drinks, but now the necessity of free ventilation and cooling draughts is recognized. The diet should be nutritious. The patient requires nursing rather than doctoring. Itching may be relieved by bathing the pustules with cream or sweet oil.

#### THE PROMINENT PREVENTIONS

are vaccination and inoculation. The world is indebted to Dr. Edward Jenner, of Gloucester, England, for the discovery of the value of the former, in 1796. The studious doctor noticed that the peasant-girls who were in the habit of milking cows were often affected by eruptions on the hands, and a disease peculiar to those animals. It was found that frequently the cows' udders were covered with small pustules, which were broken by contact, the poison penetrating the skin of the hands, and giving the disease thoroughly to the girls. Girls so affected were mysteriously freed from smallpox. He immediately commenced experiments, believing that if the virus could be conveyed into the system, the person would have a forced attack, less dangerous and more local than the great plague. Vaccination remains to this day the result of his studies.

The origin of inoculation is more remote. It was not so extensively used to save life as to preserve personal beauty. The harem of Turkey—those great whirlpools of all that is sly-like in woman—were infested by the disease, and the finest formed slaves fell before it as horrible victims. Woman's loveliness the world over finds ready appreciation. The spread of the disease was a severe blow to the traffickers in female slaves, for even if they recovered, they were so disfigured that no aristocratic purchasers—those of ready money and questionable morals—could be found to receive them at a profitable price. Accordingly, we find that a party of nuns began transferring the virus of the worst patients to the arms of marketable girls, thus using the disease itself to prevent the crusting of their faces and hands. This ceremony was invested with considerable religious pomp. The practice was very general in Constantinople, where Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, wife of the British Ambassador, became acquainted with it. On her return to England, she introduced inoculation, not, however, without meeting with discouraging opposition. About the time its value began to receive general favor, Dr. Jenner completed his experiments, and vaccination has since been regarded as the superior preventive.

This verdict, however, is open to doubt. It is known that inoculated persons never fall victims to the disease, while those vaccinated frequently have a second attack, though of a light form.

#### THE TREATMENT OF TO-DAY

is mainly by vaccination; and herein people display themselves as curious paradoxes. There is much to be feared in the result of the forced local disease, but fears may justly be limited to the dread of spreading syphilitic and scrofulous poisons. It is not safe to rely upon the sea taken from the arm even of a child, although its condition and parentage may be well-known, for these poisons often remain latent in the system a long time. England, Germany and Italy have suffered particularly from these impure transmissions, the effects upon the system being far more terrible than the disease that is sought to be guarded against. Inoculation will carry

poison as well as the disease, and in this respect there is no difference between the two systems of prevention; and it remains that, to obtain pure virus, one should go to a pure source—in a word, follow in the footsteps of the great Jenner.

And this brings us to a practical view of the entire operation as recently introduced into this country by Dr. Chambon, a distinguished French physician, who has made the subject his life study. His office is at No. 120 Fort Green Place, Brooklyn.

He vaccinates calves four months old, chosen with great regard for sound health, and after the pustules are duly formed, has them taken to his office, where he transfers the virus from the calf directly to the arms of all who apply. He also obtains a large amount of virus on ivory points and in tubes for various Boards of Health throughout the country and transmission abroad. Our engravings illustrate fully his method.

"HOW'S YOUR ARM?"

The way some folks do talk might start a locomotive from surprise and a desire to escape.

"Doctor, do you think that calf is as healthy as my little Lucy?"

"More so, madame. Your child may be diseased, but it is rare that these calves are."

"Oh, no!—I'm sure there's nothing the matter with her; she's too young entirely."

"That's just it. You forget that it takes several months for diseases to appear in an infant. She might have scrofula, and not show it for several years; yet if you vaccinated another person from her scab, that one would in time be afflicted with the poison."

"Well, will it hurt her much?"

"Not at all."

"I'm kind o' fraid."

"There's no need of it."

"Are you sure the calf is well?—for I should so hate to have any trouble with the darling."

"I guarantee your fears are groundless."

"Well, then, cut away, but please don't hurt her."

And in a twinkling the arm is scarified and the little beauty chirping merrily, unconscious of the dread disease that had been introduced into its system.

A little girl steps up, with arm bared, and asks:

"How much do you charge for an attack of smallpox? Mother says I must only have it light. You mustn't make me sick, or they'll send me to the Island, with a handbill on my back. She says I shouldn't be bled much, for I'm going to have consumption some time."

"Your arm won't bleed much, and it will dry in quickly."

"Why do you make that poor calf wear those horrid iron things? Must I have some on me, too?"

"Oh, that's only a pair of pincers, to hold the pustules so I can get the virus."

Then comes another baby, a rollicking piece of humanity, who doesn't like promiscuous handling.

"There, there, that's mamma's pet. To be sure. Here, turn your head this way. No, no, no! Won't you mind? Ah, that's a darling. Baby'll go awalking, and have some candy, so she will, for her tootsies. By-oh-baby. Hurry up, doctor! Ah, did it hurt her? Of course it did. There, don't cry, that's a sweet. Will baby show papa, to-night, her pretty arm? Yes? Well, now, give me a kiss, and we'll get some candy."

And away they go.

"I say, mate, I've just come in from sea, and hearin' you kept waxin', have come for some. Just look at that ere arm—ain't it gay? There's me name as plain as ink can make it, and there's the colors I ain't afraid to sail under anywhere. You see, it runs pretty well from the shoulder to the wrist. I hardly know just where you'd better stick it. Don't cut that flag, sir! I guess you'd better fire at that Chinkee. They cotched me once, and didn't ask very easily, 'How d'ye do?' blast 'em!'

And after selecting the head of the tattoo Chinaman for the incision, the virus is applied, and Jack rolls slowly away; then returns.

"By-the-way, mate, I've a dog as has traveled with me pretty close. Here, Casar! You see, he ain't 'andsome—no more am I—but he's saved life, and as we can't get a medal, I thought as how, perhaps, yer'd give him the smallpox, eh? I'm his banker, you know. Is it a go?"

Much merriment followed this canine baptism of vaccine, and dog and master went away with evident pleasure.

Thus hour after hour, day in and day out, those engaged in striving to arrest the progress of the epidemic meet with strange people and ideas.

#### THE IRON STEAMSHIP "REPUBLIC."

THE iron vessels of the "White Star" line of ocean steamships have won an enviable reputation for sea-going luxury in an incredibly short space of time. At the time the first of the fleet—the *Oceanic*—was in this country, we called attention to the excellencies of the vessel, besides giving illustrations. The promises at that time made by the company have certainly been fulfilled. As the result of extensive study, and a thorough knowledge of naval architecture, the "White Star" line stands pre-eminent among our popular ocean steamships.

The last addition to the fleet is named the *Republic*, which is constructed and fitted up on the same liberal scale as its companions. The entire architecture of the ship is of elaborate workmanship, beautiful design, and high finish. It is safe to say that the vessels of this line contain more of the necessities and luxuries of a sea-voyage than any other afloat. Their sails are hoisted by steam, they are steered by the

same power, and therefore as easily handled as pleasure-yachts, although of such great size. The grand saloon of the *Republic*, like that of its companions, occupies the entire width of the vessel, and is located just forward of midship. This peculiar position of the saloon—aided by the great length of the vessel—exempts it almost entirely from the motion of either the sea or the machinery; so much so, indeed, that on passing into the saloon in ordinary weather, one can hardly dispel the illusion that the ship has stopped, until by glancing through the large open ports on either side, when you perceive the swift passing of the water. In this magnificent saloon—the light, ventilation, and appointments of which are perfect—the passengers have not only sat down to daily banquets quite equal to the best hotels on shore, but they have been present every evening at social entertainments of the most novel, instructive, and interesting character, and with much less disturbance from external causes than if in a city hall on shore.

disturbed. They live mainly on fish, and have a monopoly of the trapping. There is but one white trapper in the country, and he is at Cook's inlet, six hundred miles west northwest. He came down to Sitka once to go to Kodiak. Learning that no vessel would sail for a month, and growing tired of the place, he said he would take "a little walk." He started with his rifle and a pocket full of salt, and traversed alone that mountain wilderness for three weeks. He had no covering at night but the skins of freshly-slaughtered animals. He returned in good condition, and in answer to questions, boasted that he had lived better than his questioners.

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL

ALEXIS is to visit China.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is very ill.

THE EMPRESS of Russia is sick.

HOPE, Me., has chosen a lady supervisor of its schools.

MISS CHARLOTTE RAY is the first baristress of the D. C.

The late Joseph Mazzini was a man of fine personal presence.

MR. MURPHY, the well-known English anti-papery lecturer, is dead.

J. ALDEN SMITH, of Colorado, has been appointed Territorial Geologist.

MR. CHARLES MOULTON, husband of the talented American cantatrice, is dead.

M. ARMAND GREGG, Vice-President of the European Peace League, is in this country.

ADMIRAL POLO, the new Spanish Minister at Washington, is in favor of a pacific policy.

The Marquis of Ripon has been elected, for the third time, M. W. Grand Master of England.

QUEEN ISABELLA is sustaining a brilliant household in Paris, embracing a numerous retinue.

MR. SPURGEON still retains his hold upon the masses. His church now reports 4,000 members.

GENERAL CROOK has enlisted 100 Huapilos to fight against their old allies, the Apaches, in Arizona.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON has been elected President of the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta.

MR. PARKER, the newly appointed Surveyor of Customs at New Orleans, is a brother-in-law of Ben Butler.

REV. DR. ROBINSON, of Rochester, N. Y., has accepted the election to the Presidency of Brown University.

BISMARCK says England is clearly in the wrong in the hurry she has made over the Treaty of Washington.

SENATOR TIPTON, in his fifty-eighth years of life, has been minister, state legislator, department clerk and chaplain.

INSPECTOR GEORGE W. DILKS has been elected District Deputy Grand Master of Odd Fellows for New York city.

The Attorney-General of England, in his twenty-six days' speech in the Tichborne case, spoke at least as much as the first two volumes of Lord Macaulay's history.

The supporters of the Friend of his Relations are trying to raise \$50, to celebrate the emancipation of the blacks.

MRS. KEEP, widow of the late Henry Keep, has given \$100,000 to the New York Homeopathic Institution for the Blind.

It is said that Count Murat, while on the way from England to France, was arrested at Calais and compelled to return.

MONSIEUR CAPEL preached to the crew of the American frigate *Wabash*, at Villefranche, France, on the 6th of February.

MR. CORCORAN, the Washington banker, is sojourning at Cannes, and has greatly improved in health since he left Washington.

REV. HENRY DEFOR, a descendant of the author of "Robinson Crusoe," is a clergyman now settled in Leicestershire, England.

The Spaniards recently captured the Cuban General Lico Pena and five companions, all *Picos* *Blancos*, in the mountains near Trinidad.

A GERMAN writer, complaining of the difficulties in the pronunciation of the English language, cites the word "Boz," which he says is pronounced "Dickens."

THE Pennsylvania House of Representatives has passed a law providing against one person's holding two offices under the city government of Philadelphia.

MR. GLADSTONE is famous for his long walks, and, like many other Englishmen, thinks little of performing a pedestrianfeat of ten miles, or even twenty, on occasions.

THE Duke of Argyle, Secretary of State for India, has sent to the city of Chicago a number of books treating of the history, people, products, laws and medical practice of that country.

LOUIS BOEHMES, a well-known agriculturist, of Rochester, N. Y., has been engaged by the Japanese Government to take charge of the practical details of a Bureau of Agriculture at Yedo.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS, who is always engaged in some deed of charity, has again commenced to erect houses for the poor of London, and a large drinking-fountain in Edinburgh, Scotland.

MME. LEFRANC, daughter of the French Minister, was married to M. de Samzeuil on the 8th ultimo, in the chapel of the Palace of Versailles, where no other marriage had been performed since that of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

THE annual report of the Minister of Justice of the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin contains the following edifying passage: "Ninety-four men and thirty-three women were flogged during the year. They received altogether 2,604 lashes."

MR. EVARTS, of the Yellowstone exploring party, who will be remembered, was lost in that wonderful region, and came very near being starved to death there, is an applicant for the superintendence of the National Park, which Congress has just created.

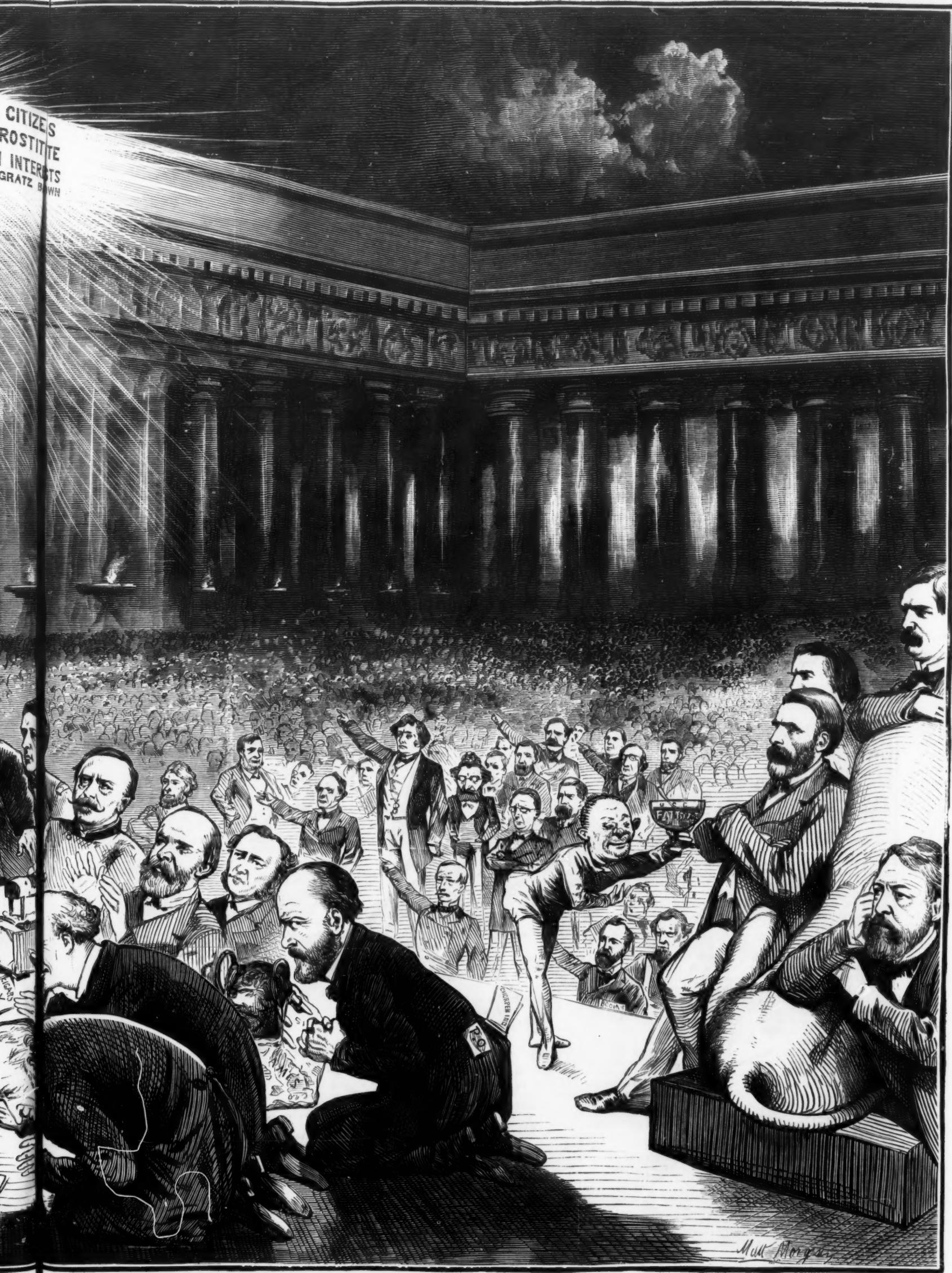
MISS ANNETTE CONISE, of Tiffin, O., who graduated from Heidelberg College and then studied law one year, recently applied to the Governor of Ohio for a commission as notary public. The application was referred to the Attorney-General, who expresses the opinion that, under the Constitution and laws of the State, such a commission cannot be given to a woman.

THE TIMES DEMAND AN UPRISING OF HONEST CITIZENS  
TO SWEEP FROM POWER THE MEN WHO PROSTITUTE  
THE NAME OF AN HONORED PARTY TO SELFISH INTERESTS  
B. GRATZ BROWN



OUR MODER B  
THE PEOPLE'S WRITIN

CITIZEN'S  
ROSTITUTE  
INTERESTS  
GRATZ BROWN



OR BELSHAZZAR.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

## HOW HE TOOK IT.

BY  
HAROLD HENGE.

AND so you are going to marry, ma'm'selle, On the twenty-fifth of next October— (The matter? There's nothing the matter.)

I'm well, But I feel like a man getting sober— Are going to confer on Harry Bretelle Those dainty trifles, your hand and your heart. A delectable match, for you are a belle, And Bretelle, though a fool, is a heavy swell, You will be his aliquot part.

Be generous, eh? The past forget, ma'm'selle? I'll be hanged if I can in a hurry. In a fellow just hurled from heaven to hell You must overlook some moral flurry. I insult both ma'm'selle and Harry Bretelle? He's not to be talked of, it appears. The Lord has contracted humanity out, And he's boss of the job, I haven't a doubt. There, there—I succumb to your tears.

You have led love-blinded me, ma'm'selle, along

Perfidious paths to this black chasm. You knew the end. Was it right? (But right or wrong)

You know as much of, as protoplasm. You use the fraudulent yard-stick of the world. To measure out fair speeches and fair deeds. My life's brave banners you've overthrown and furled,

Its mightiest forces to destruction hurled,

Its swords have glamoured into reeds.

Ma'm'selle, your pardon. You don't appreciate Such freaks of speech. Beauty's wits are scanty,

Though ample for their uses—to oscillate Between the toilet and the pantry. Considerable luggage must be allowed,

If you would find the contents of her head. I mean—you've killed my life's best purpose. Be proud

Of this achievement, like all the cruel crowd Of silver-clapped belles, who wed

Avengers of their victims. 'Twas nobly done! I burned my heart for your sake, with the letters.

It was such damning evidence, I feared the sun Of some just day would bare it to my betters— Bretelle, for instance. Ma'm'selle, that man deceives.

Nay, tremble not; I do not mean his pelf; He's wealthy—but you will find beneath his eaves

Rival more dangerous than his mare or beevies.

Tis false? Tis true; I mean—himself.

All I came to say, ma'm'selle, I think I've said. One word more, providing you'll excuse me: 'Tis not in robbing me of a heart's dead—

A lying beauty—you most abuse me. Thanks for that. It is in being what you are— Insulting me with what you are, ma'm'selle! I find but tinsel what I had deemed a star. That is all. May fortune's clumsy foot ne'er mar The gathers of your bils. Farewell.

## THE SISTER'S SECRET.

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

## CHAPTER XIII.

I HAD not received a line from my aunt, and had no notion whether she was living or dead. After what Celestine had told me, I never dreamed of writing to her again. Still, I often recurred to my life at Ivy Lodge; for I found in the scenes of my childhood a pathos which made memory gracious and pleasant, in spite of the bitterness, dependence and poverty that shadowed it.

Meanwhile a new existence had been promised me. It was that of a mother. From the moment of the discovery, I awaited my future with complicated and incomunicable emotions. I had the wildest waking dreams. Sometimes they were unutterably bitter, when I suffered myself to be possessed by doubts as to the duration of this existence of love. I knew the frailty of the bond that kept me to him whom I had taught myself to call husband—a word which was always a misgiving. Should he ever deceive me, I thought, my child would grow up to curse me—I should be giving birth to one in whom would concentrate all the unendurable scorn of an inexorable society; and the sins or the thoughtlessness of the parents would have to be expiated by an innocent being, amidst the slings and arrows of that cruel condition of life to which society condemns the offspring of its criminal members. At other times I welcomed the promise as a holy confirmation of the bond which love had created between my husband and me. I thought that he would love my little one; and that, should his affection ever decay for me, it would be revived again in him by the innocence of the babe which would so truly symbolize the innocence of the mother's love. But how poorly do I represent my feelings by my words! The deep, the mingled thoughts that took possession of my heart, must for ever remain uninterpreted. And yet the predominant feeling was joy. Even when I wept in the trouble of my misgivings, I found myself looking with trustful eyes through the mist of my tears at the love and the beauty and the hope that were to come unto me with my babe.

Thursday came—the day on which we had been invited to dinner by Sir Geoffry Hamlyn. I arrayed myself with the utmost care, with an eager solicitude to please. Though I had, as you know, found or fancied a solid consolation for my want of charms, there were times when I keenly regretted the absence of beauty. The twisted pearls in my hair, my well-fitting pink satin dress, the handsome bracelets that illu-

minated my wrists, furnished me, as I surveyed myself in the tall cheval glass, with no compensation for my pale face, my thin arms, my small and scarcely graceful figure. But I did my best with the poor materials nature had given me to work upon, and imagined a reward for my pains by fancying I saw in Major Rivers's glance at me an expression of admiration.

We entered the carriage, and were driven to Heathfield, Sir Geoffry Hamlyn's seat. I had often passed it, and had as often envied the occupant of the massive old building, fronted and flanked by tall, grand elms, from which the rooks cawed.

We passed through a wide carriage-drive, a part of which was made a tunnel of by the pendulous boughs of trees, whose tops kissed; and stopped before a large hall-door, led up to by a long flight of broad white steps. A footman in green and gold flung the heavy door wide open in response to the bewildering summons of the major's servant. We passed through a wide and lofty hall brilliantly lighted by gas at the extremity, and built irregularly in niches, in each of which stood a statue.

We were shown into the drawing-room upstairs, a spacious but somewhat ostentatiously furnished chamber, occupying the breadth and two-thirds of the length of the *étage*. The room struck me as being too full of glass. Tall mirrors were inlet all round it; and the extensive chandelier made a confusion of crystal in the centre. The fire-screens were plate-glass; there was an abundance of glass on the three mantelpieces; the fenders, burnished into the brilliancy of glass, had each of them massive glass poles or bars running along the top. Yet I could not choose but admire. There was wondrous elegance of taste exhibited in the dainty gold-veined papering—in the exquisite statues that filled the four corners of the room—in the finely-molded cornices, the solid and luxurious cabinets, with their tops of creamy marble, their enameled ornamentation not hidden but shadowed into greater beauty by flowers blushing out of vases which were sculptured with the delicacy of old Greek art.

"Such a house as this," I thought, "must originally have belonged to a man worth more than three thousand a year. I suppose that Sir Geoffry has run through the best part of his fortune, and has retired from his career of dissipation with just enough to support his name and his house."

We were the first "arrival." The baronet advanced to meet us, and received me with marked courtesy; but as we shook hands the hall-bell pealed, and the sound of voices below told us that the best part of the guests had arrived.

The party invited numbered only eight. Sir Geoffry had told us this, and as the last of the guests arrived, I heard Major Rivers whisper to me, with an accent of surprise:

"There is not a single Newtown face—excepting one—among them all!"

First of the guests was a very stout old gentleman, whom I heard introduced as Lord Gover. He wore a black satin waistcoat cut so high as to make him resemble a clergyman, with his long, limp, white necktie. He was very red-faced, very important, refused to be seated, and strutted about with one coat-tail over his arm. He was accompanied by his nephew, a lackadaisical youth with green eyes and pink cheeks. I found much secret entertainment in watching this young man. Like his uncle, he refused to sit; he preferred attitudinizing. He reminded me, as he leaned with his elbow on the mantelpiece, and one thin leg crossing the other, of the picture to be seen sometimes preceding "Shenstone's Works," representing that amiable poet mourning pensively over Ophelia's urn.

Then there were two Miss Harrisons: middle-aged and plain women, with bald partings and iron-gray curls writhing like galvanized sausages around their ears. In marked and highly effective contrast to these maidens was a girl, who, on entering the room, had been, with her mother, led up to Major Rivers and myself, and introduced by the baronet. I judged her age to be about four or five-and-twenty. She was the handsomest woman I had ever seen. Her hair was a rich auburn, streaked with burnished lines which hint rather than proclaim the coloring of gold. She was most elaborately dressed; a succession of thick curls twining round and round with snake-like subtlety of involution, crowning her shapely head. Her forehead was low, but broad, and sculptured at the temples like marble. Her eyes were large and dark, full of that suffusion of delicate light which melts upon the object the eyes contemplate. Her mouth was small, the slightly curled upper lip betraying her luminously transparent teeth. There was an habitual expression of archness on her face which even to a woman was full of animation. She was dressed in white silk. One large diamond gleamed in her hair, and her left wrist was clasped by a single bracelet of delicate Indian workmanship. Nothing could be simpler than her costume; nothing more piquant by reason of its simplicity.

Her mother was short, dumpy, and vulgar-looking. I was amazed at the caprice of Nature in fashioning from such obviously coarse material so exquisite and lovely a shape. The old lady's face was almost as red as Lord Gover's. Her head was surmounted by two tall feathers, whose draggled-tiled aspect was irresistibly suggestive of their incapacity to dissemble the disgust they experienced in having to nod at all over so ungainly a form. She was dressed in yellow satin, trimmed with black lace, and on the fingers of her gloves I could discern the outlines of a number of rings ornamenting or vulgarizing her fat hand.

I had no opportunity to ask Major Rivers who these two men were for the girl had taken her seat by my side, her mother having been led to a chair at the other end of the room by the baronet, who, I could see, was evidently anxious to keep her as well in the background as her yellow satin would allow. The girl, who

had been introduced to me as Miss Burgoyn, opened a conversation at once with a direct naive simplicity. But the few common place sentences that passed between us were soon cut short by the announcement of dinner. I was wondering whom the baronet would give Mrs. Burgoyn to, and smiled as I saw him lead Lord Gover's sentimental nephew up to her. He had never ceased staring at Miss Burgoyn from the moment she had entered the room; and if ever an insipid face looked a protest, his did as he led the old lady in yellow silk away. To Lord Gover were consigned the two Miss Harrisons; to Major Rivers, Miss Burgoyn; and I was led down by Sir Geoffry.

A pang at the sight of Major Rivers's arm being clasped by his beautiful partner struck me pale. Keen was the momentary emotion of jealousy. But I made a vigorous effort to rally, and fairly succeeded in acquiring my composure by the time I had entered the dining-room.

Major Rivers sat nearly opposite to me. Shall I deny that I watched him with furtive eagerness?—that every beautiful smile that his partner gave him, that every low, modulated accent he uttered to her, tortured me as if a bared nerve had been touched? Sir Geoffry was assiduously polite: seemed to me to labor to engross my attention, for he talked incessantly and invariably upon topics to which some sort of answer was expected from me, and which, therefore, forced me to listen. I asked him about Miss Burgoyn; I found myself eager to know all about her, and started the subject by supposing that Mrs. Burgoyn must be her stepmother.

"What makes you think so, Mrs. Rivers?" he asked, with a smile.

"I trace no resemblance between them," I answered.

"There is not much, I protest," he said. "But, all the same, the old lady is Miss Burgoyn's mother. She's an honest soul, and has arrived at that age when some sins of taste may be forgiven. Do you admire the daughter?"

"Immensely. I think she is a most lovely girl."

"They have only recently come to reside here," he said. "But I have known them for some time. I dare say you are surprised at not seeing any of the good people of Newtown here. But your husband has told you, of course, that I am a somewhat eccentric-minded person, and am not fond of doing unto my neighbors that which I should like them to do unto me."

I was too much occupied by my thoughts, suggested to me by him whom I was ever glancing at, to catch up the conversation quickly. So this subject died, and so did several others which he started. I have no doubt he thought me a most insipid partner, and probably wondered what in the world Major Rivers could have seen in me to provoke his love. He might have regretted that he had not, by a larger number of invitations, given himself a wider field for choice of a dinner companion.

For myself, the more he talked to me the less I felt disposed to like him. The first distrust he had inspired found a fresh confirmation in his remarks, in his glances, in his smiles, in spite of his obvious efforts to treat me with all the politeness he was master of. Whether he read my distrust, I know not. The fresh rudeness of my Lorton life had not yet worn off, and I wanted still the sophistication to enable me to seem what I did not feel. But if he guessed the truth, he did not betray his discovery.

Major Rivers did not seem conscious of my scruples. Perhaps he thought his conduct did not entitle him to criticism; but jealousy supplied me with plenty of reason for suspicion. When he caught my eye he would smile at me with a light nod. I was doubly glad of such tokens; firstly, because they helped to reassure me; secondly, because I would not, for the value of my love, have had him suspect that I was watching, and, therefore, doubting him.

The gentlemen were not long in following us after we returned to the drawing-room. The short interval that occurred between our departure and their presence was filled for me by a conversation with Miss Burgoyn. As I had mounted the stairs she addressed me, and on gaining the drawing-room, took a seat by my side.

Her conversation was insipid. She had very little to say, although she said much. But her eyes were now more radiant; an exquisite color dyed her cheeks, faint but pure as the reflection of a rose in water. There was one thing, however, that I detected in her at once; she was tainted with vulgarity. I had not noticed it before dinner, for our conversation had been very brief, and she had been, as I could now see, very much on her guard. But this nervousness of self-possession, if I may use the phrase, had worn off. She talked freely, and within this freedom I, as plainly as though it had been written in capitals, detected the existence of an emphatic, though still faint, element of vulgarity. It did not seem native, but rather acquired. I judged, and I think rightly, that with such beauty Nature could hardly have failed to unite a refined and delicate mind; for her beauty was without a trace of coarseness, and her eyes seemed lighted with radiant pulsations of the purest sensibility. I therefore made up my mind that this vulgarity was acquired from constant intercourse with her mother; for it was precisely the sort of vulgarity that would be communicated by intercourse with common or coarse people.

Her conversation was chiefly on the subject of dress. I noticed that whenever I made a remark to her that might demand a brisker intelligence than is wanted for admiring patterns, she looked at me vacantly, clearly not understanding me. Perfectly literal, she missed the broadest implication. "Yes" and "no" were intelligible terms enough to her; she

comprehended the full affirmative and negative. But "yes" or "no" uttered in irony set her wondering.

I confess that I stared at the mother a good deal more than politeness justified. She sat alone, watching from an opposite side of the room the Miss Harrisons, who bobbed their noses together in confidential conversation. I noticed that she had a pair of gray, very keen intelligent eyes, which, though stationary for the moment on the two ladies, glanced for the most part to and fro with singular nimbleness of movement. On finding herself watched by me—I had an imperturbable stare, owing to my constant reveries, which made me forgetful of my rudeness—she gave a jerk, and became instantly uneasy, fanning herself, putting on her gloves, already too much on, composing her dress, and stealing furtive glances with the insidiousness of monkey's eyes, to see whether I was still watching her.

When the gentlemen entered the room, the baronet, remarking the old lady to be alone, went up to her. Major Rivers came toward me.

He seemed in high spirits. His eyes were aglow with merriment, and his whole face lighted up with a bright expression. I did not remember ever having seen him look better. Miss Burgoyn was still by my side, and the major stood before us with his hands clasped behind him, chattering to us in his briskest mood. He was often very happy in his remarks; but I noticed that his best sentences, obviously addressed at Miss Burgoyn, fell dead upon her. Shall I deny a secret exultation at this? I knew how highly he professed to rate intellect in women, and believed that it would need a very transcendent order of beauty to compensate him for inanity. Once I caught his eye after he had made a remark at which I had laughed, and which Miss Burgoyn recognized only with a most meaningless smile; I fancied I traced a satirical gleam in it, and rejoiced at the criticism suggested by the satire.

Lord Gover's nephew hung a good deal about Miss Burgoyn, staring at her incessantly, without courage enough to do anything more. She did not, I believe, deign him a glance. I wanted to have a chat with the major to ascertain more of the young lady; and I found an opportunity by the baronet coming up to her and begging her to sing. After some little hesitation she consented, and he led her to the piano.

"Who is Miss Burgoyn?" I asked.

"I have no notion," answered Major Rivers, who had taken a seat at my side.

"Have you never met them before?"

"Never."

"And yet Sir Geoffry tells me they reside in Newtown."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed, with an air of interest which, if it piqued me, at least proved that his confession of ignorance was honest.

"I do not suppose," I said, "that Sir Geoffry is paying his addresses to her. I have seen nothing to hint such a conclusion in either his or her conduct."

"Perhaps she is paying her addresses to him through the old lady in yellow," said the major, dryly.

"I don't think so. There is an indifference for each other between them which is most decidedly not feigned. If there was love on either side, some token of it would be given. But I have watched them both narrowly, and discerned nothing."

At this moment the piano was struck, and Miss Burgoyn commenced to sing. She had very little voice, but that little she handled very gracefully, and fitted it, too, to a song that might have been written for her. On its being concluded, Major Rivers went over to her whilst she still remained at the piano, and I could see thanked her. The baronet, who had stood by her side during the song, left the piano and seated himself close to me. He asked me if I did not think the song pretty, and I answered "Yes." Did I not think it heightened by the singer? "Undoubtedly."

"Ladies," he said, "are slow to acknowledge each other's perfections. I applaud your canary, Mrs. Rivers, which allows Miss Burgoyn the possession of so much beauty."

"I think her so beautiful, Sir Geoffry," I answered, "that I am lost in amazement to find her without a husband."

He gave a peculiar smile as he answered, "She is poor."

"Poor, do you call her, with such a wealth of beauty?"

"Besides," he continued, "husbands are not so easily picked up nowadays. As a species, they are decaying in this country."

"But how is it that you can remain so unimpassioned to such beauty?"

"Ah!" he exclaimed, sentimentally; "if an emotion be wanting, do not seek to inquire the cause of its absence. It is Rochefoucauld—you have read Rochefoucauld? No!—and with your love of honest cynicism, too! Read him Mrs. Rivers—read him if you want to know how to sublimate cynicism into the most cultivated truth: it is this great man who says that there is in the human heart 'Il y a dans le cœur humain une génération des sentiments perpétuels; en sorte que'—to the end that the reign of one always ends in the establishment of another; 'font toujours l'établissement d'un autre.' Well, Mrs. Rivers, a new sentiment has been established in me—admiration; but at the sacrifice of another sentiment—love. I am not unimpassioned, as you think me. Beauty—such as Miss Burgoyn's—forces one into admiration, but not into love."

"I think," I retorted, "that I can cap your cynic's sentiment with a better remark of a greater man—Bossuet: 'Les passions ont une infinité qui se fâche de ne pouvoir être assouvisées'; which means that there is so much metaphysical gluttony in the heart, that, so far from one passion destroying the other, they are likely to be reciprocally quickened by the mingling of their impulses. Therefore, if you admire, you must love; for love grows out of

admiration, and the soil strengthens the roots."

"Too deep—too deep, Mrs. Rivers!" said Sir Geoffrey, laughingly shaking his head. "But it is my own fault, and I will show you how I mean to expiate it."

He left my side, and advanced to the piano. Miss Burgoyne still kept her seat, and Major Rivers still held his place at her side. I did not hear the proposition of the baronet, but I saw by the major's gestures that he declined it. The baronet insisted; the major refused. Presently Miss Burgoyne looked up into the major's face with a smile which sent a chill through my blood. The major seemed to waver. The baronet tapped him on the back, and Miss Burgoyne, after turning over a portfolio of music, took out a piece, which she opened. The baronet looked over his shoulder at me with a smile and a nod, then crossed to the other side of the piano. I guessed that the major had been asked to sing. Miss Burgoyne commenced a duet, and in a few moments their voices mingled.

The baronet eyed me fugitively during the progress of this duet. When our glances met, I read a strange, exultant expression in his gaze.

The duet was hardly concluded, when a servant entered the room hastily, stopped, and, by a gesture, indicated his desire to address the baronet. Sir Geoffrey crossed to where he stood; the man whispered, and, with a look of concern on his face, Sir Geoffrey ran to Major Rivers and spoke to him. I saw Major Rivers give a great start; and, hastily rising, I went forward to hear the purport of this whispering.

"Charlie" (it was his child's name) "has been seized with convulsions," he exclaimed, hoarsely. "Come."

He took me by the arm, and, addressing a few hasty words of apology to Sir Geoffrey, hastened with me down-stairs. I felt fearfully agitated. A servant held out my cloak to me as I passed, and I slipped it on as I hurried through the open door. Our carriage was waiting, having driven the servant who brought the news to Heathfield. Sir Geoffrey, with many murmurs of condolence, handed me in. Major Rivers leaped after me.

"Off!" he shouted.

The coachman touched the horses, and we drove rapidly home.

Not word passed between us as we swept along. Major Rivers, with folded arms and knitted brows, seemed preparing himself to hear the worst.

Chester House was soon reached. The rattling wheels had announced our approach; servants stood at the door awaiting our arrival. I hastened after the major, who hurriedly mounted the steps.

"My boy!" he exclaimed, looking round him. "How is he?"

I saw Celeste running down the stairs as he spoke. Her face wore a terrified and piteous expression. She had overheard his question, and came forward walling:

"He is dead, monsieur—he is dead!"

"Great God!" cried the major, staggering, and falling against the wall of the passage, with his face buried in his hands.

(To be continued.)

## OLD BEESWAX.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE WAR. I NEVER knew why he was called Old Beeswax.

As a matter of fact, he was exceedingly unlike beeswax, and more like shoemaker's wax, in his tenacious sticking to the cook-house.

He was a man, though; that is to say, before the war, in which he took not a prominent, but a conspicuously greasy part, he had voted; and I happen to know that he intended to have continued to exercise his right of suffrage, but for the events which will appear in printer's ink hereafter.

And the cook-house above referred to was that particular spot on the soil, then called sacred, but which was treated in the most irreverent manner, where he built his fire, and hung his tea-pot, and bolstered up, with the red embers of transferred fence-rails, his Dutch oven, from which, at proper intervals, came forth biscuits, or roast beef, or mince pies, as the appetites of the captain and the other officers and the occasion required.

Probably no one ever surpassed Old Beeswax in the construction and production of mince pies.

He had only to look at an apple-tree, either in blossom or in fruit, or, for that matter, in leafless nakedness, and visit the Commissary Department and smell of the freshly-slaughtered cattle, and throw into that Dutch oven a little water and flour, and wave over it in imaginary circles his long, bony arms, while he was swearing at "Bill," the chronically delinquent darkey, who was his wood and water-carrier, and from that mysterious oven came forth such mince pies as would have filled a boarding-house, or fitly graced the table of a Boston alderman; at least so it seemed, after a day of hard fighting, to the hungry, powder-stained artillery-officers for whom he manipulated the oven and the pies as aforesaid.

I don't mean to assert that soldiers are not all heroes.

The books have settled that question; although, I am free to confess, I have known quartermasters and hospital stewards for months without being able to detect anything heroic either in their natures or their actions.

And I am willing to admit that all those patriots whom you saw parading the streets with great guns and small, and drums and ambulances, on their way to the front, were heroes, because of the direction they were taking; only, in the field, men distinguish themselves and become heroes in various unlike and very dissimilar ways.

Some by snatching the regimental colors and calling on their associates to follow them whither it is quite impossible to go and make a long stay. This is history heroism. Others, by raiding through the enemy's lines, in the midst of chicken-coops and other unprotected walking and flying rations. This is the safest and most easily grown of all the various kinds of heroism, and has been called newspaper glory. Others, by the cool calculation of artillery-shooting, which is rather disagreeable to a sensitive person at all times, and may become excessively so if your opponent is cooler than you are. This is that quiet kind of heroism, which is only determined by an inspection of the files of the War Department, and is thought to go further in one's record hereafter than in the public prints. The heroism of Old Beeswax was none of these, but of a more subdued and sympathetic nature—he was an heroic cook.

His cooking-utensils were transported in a four-horse conveyance, technically called an ordnance-wagon, but familiarly spoken of as the "hash-mill."

And the captain was fond of having the hash-mill, which was supposed to contain cannon-balls, but really contained fish-balls, near him while they were pumping into the fellows on the other side.

Pumping, perhaps, I ought to say, was the term applied to the reckless propulsion of shot and shell, in which the battery sometimes indulged.

And it happened of a bright morning in June, while the battery was pumping, and being pumped into, that one of the projectiles from the other side—it was only a ten-pound rifled shell—went directly over the heads of the battery-men, and directly into the front end of the hash-mill, and into Old Beeswax's mess-chest, and there exploded, and lifted the two tents, which were on the chest, and on which Old Beeswax was rather unheroically slumbering, quite abruptly into a neighboring sweet-potato patch.

And this was an emergency for which the cook hero was entirely unprepared.

To that chest he had devoted the best part of his latter life.

It represented the crockery of many of the best and first and oldest families in that part of the country, through which he had cooked and gathered.

It was the most promiscuous collection of earthen monograms and stone armorial ornaments ever seen in this democracy; and he had no duplicates thereof; and it was all mashed in the flash of one pound and four ounces of gunpowder, and could not be repaired; and he sat beside the saddler, who was too deaf to hear the report, but was able to take in visually the condition of things, on the trail of the battery-wagon, and wept.

And the saddler requested Old Beeswax to "dry up," and said: "Though the crockery be lost, all is not lost. Let's get out the oven."

And here was yet a ray of hope.

Then those two shoe and beeswax patriots overhauled the remnants of the hash-mill, and found that the eccentric missile, prior to its demolition of the mess-chest, had knocked a fearful hole in the oven's bottom; and Old Beeswax sat again, this time on the sacred soil, and wept even more profusely than before; and it seemed as if his tear soul was running out through that hole.

It was something of a surprise to the battery-men to see Old Beeswax among the guns, shortly afterward, for his province was not the killing of men, but the cooking of pigs and chickens; but there he was.

His standing-collar, which was quite unusual in that district, stood stiffer and seemed whiter than ever before; his trowsers, and coat-sleeves to the elbow, were smooth and glossy with the grease of numerous broils and frys; his eyes had none of the old mince-pie lustre, but a warlike glare; and he said, in reply to the captain's "Well, uncle, what are you doing here?"

"Captain, they have busted my mess-chest; they have broken every cup and saucer; they have knocked a big hole in the Dutch oven."

And then he resumed his weeping.

It was in vain the captain suggested he could probably replenish his chest, as he had filled it, from the common enemy and friend.

He said he would fight, and cook no more—he would be revenged.

Poor Old Beeswax!—as honest a soul as ever broiled a bit of tripe or carried a solid shot to the cannon's mouth—little did you suspect what it was to stand up in the battle's smoke, and help fight a battery, to be revenged for a Dutch oven!

And now they open again on both sides, and the coarse death-hall falls thickly; and men and horses, and gun-carriages and the sun, go down.

And there, in the rear, burns a flickering bivouac-fire, which illuminates, with a pallid, sickly glare, the face of a soldier as he lies on the ground, with a discarded knapsack for a pillow, and with his hands clasping the blood-wet grass at his side, for both his legs have been crushed and mangled by a shell.

And the captain stooped over him. "I am sorry, uncle—very sorry. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you, captain—nothing; only—yes—tell them I could cook and fight. That's all; good-b—"

Then there was a slight shiver; the hands relaxed; and the grim old sergeant carried his coarse handkerchief across his face—I think to wipe away a tear—and then laid it over the face of Old Beeswax, and said:

"Captain, that makes fifteen mustered out to-day."

THERE is a terrible story told of a young lady in Pennsylvania who was bitten by an infuriated dog. A few weeks after, she was married, and, on the very day of her wedding, was seized with the horrible symptoms of hydrophobia, and died in convulsions in her husband's arms.

## THE REAL TAX-PAYER, AFTER ALL.

1. THESE are the boots the workingman bought.

2. This is the clipper, taut and true, The hides that brought from a foreign port, To make the boots the man bought.

3. This is the owner, well-to-do, Who paid his tax to the Federal crew, On his clipper-ship, so taut and true, The hides that brought from a foreign port, To make the boots the man bought!

4. Here's the importer, with lots of stamps, Who paid his tax to our city scamps, Plus that of the owner, well-to-do, Who paid his tax to the Federal crew, On his clipper-ship, so taut and true, The hides that brought from a foreign port, To make the boots the man bought.

5. This is the man who deals in hides, Who paid his tax, and the tax besides Of the rich Importer, with lots of stamps, Who paid his tax to our city scamps, Plus that of the owner, well-to-do, Who paid his tax to the Federal crew, On his clipper-ship, so taut and true, The hides that brought from a foreign port, To make the boots the man bought.

6. This is the tanner, with pit and vat, Who paid his tax, and also that Of the other man, who deals in hides, Who paid his tax, and the tax besides Of rich Importer, with lots of stamps, Who paid his tax to our city scamps, Plus that of the owner, well-to-do, Who paid his tax to the Federal crew, On his clipper-ship, so taut and true, The hides that brought from a foreign port, To make the boots the man bought.

7. This is the dealer, who paid still more, His own, and the taxes named before; That of the tanner, with pit and vat, Who paid his tax, and also that Of the other man, who deals in hides, Who paid his tax, and the tax besides Of rich Importer, with lots of stamps, Who paid his tax to our city scamps, Plus that of the owner, well-to-do, Who paid his tax to the Federal crew, On his clipper-ship, so taut and true, The hides that brought from a foreign port, To make the boots the man bought.

8. This is the maker, who does his best To pay his taxes, and all the rest; Those of the dealer, who paid still more, His own and the taxes named before; That of the tanner, with pit and vat, Who paid his tax, and also that Of the other man, who deals in hides, Who paid his tax, and the tax besides Of rich Importer, with lots of stamps, Who paid his tax to our city scamps, Plus that of the owner, well-to-do, Who paid his tax to the Federal crew, On his clipper-ship, so taut and true, The hides that brought from a foreign port, To make the boots the man bought.

9. Here's the dealer, the wholesale man, Who pays his tax on the self same plan, With that of the maker, who does his best, To pay his taxes, and all the rest; Those of the dealer, who paid still more, His own, and the taxes named before; That of the tanner, with pit and vat, Who paid his tax, and also that Of the other man, who deals in hides, Who paid his tax, and the tax besides Of rich Importer, with lots of stamps, Who paid his tax to our city scamps, Plus that of the owner, well-to-do, Who paid his tax to the Federal crew, On his clipper-ship, so taut and true, The hides that brought from a foreign port, To make the boots the man bought.

10. This is the man with retail shop, Who pays them all, with his own atop; Those of the dealer, the wholesale man, Who pays his tax on the self-same plan; With that of the maker, who does his best To pay his taxes and all the rest; Those of the dealer, who paid still more, His own and the taxes named before; That of the tanner, with pit and vat, Who paid his tax, and also that Of the other man who deals in hides, Who paid his tax, and the tax besides Of rich Importer, with lots of stamps, Who paid his tax to our city scamps, Plus that of the owner, well-to-do, Who paid his tax to the Federal crew, On his clipper-ship, so taut and true, The hides that brought from a foreign port, To make the boots the man bought.

11. Here's the worker, stout and tall, Who strives and toils, and pays for all. He pays the tax of the retail shop; He pays them all, with his own atop; Those of the dealer, the wholesale man, Who pays his tax on the self-same plan; With that of the maker, who does his best To pay his taxes and all the rest; Those of the dealer, who paid still more, His own and the taxes named before;

Those of the tanner, with pit and vat, Who paid his tax, and also that Of the other man who deals in hides, Who paid his tax, and the tax besides Of the rich Importer, with lots of stamps, Who paid his tax to our city scamps, Plus that of the owner, well-to-do, Who paid his tax to the Federal crew, On his clipper-ship, so taut and true, The hides that brought from a foreign port, To make the boots the man bought.

## NEWS BREVITIES.

SAVANNAH has green peas.

SMALLPOX increases rapidly.

RUSSIA is fortifying Sebastopol.

BOSTON has a Ministerial Agency.

BERLIN has graduated 16 Japanese.

NEW YORK is to have a German Landwehr. SANTA CRUZ, Cal., had 41 rainbows in one day.

THE German Internationals include 7,000 women.

ENGLAND has recommenced flogging her criminals.

ILLINOIS has lost six legislators since adjournment.

TRENTON, N. J., has the largest circular saw in the world.

MUSH-AND-MILE suppers are the thing in Danville, Ind.

THE prisoners at Jackson, Mich., make 11,000 cigars daily.

CAPTAIN SARAH PICKNEY commands a Mississippi steamboat.

FIVE thousand liquor shops is the estimate for North Carolina.

THE famous island of Corsica now contains 300,000 inhabitants.

THE New Orleans oyster trade amounts to \$1,350,000 annually.

LONDON employers are trying to break up the Typographical Union.

HARVARD COLLEGE has an annual income of nearly a million of dollars.

REFRACTORY pupils at Iraburg, Vt., are soothed with a slug-shot.

SILK mills have been established at Berkley, Pa., employing 30 girls.

DUALIN, the new substitute for gunpowder, is a fearfully destructive agent.

A NATIONAL CONVENTION of photographers is to be held in St. Louis, in May.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., has trees with leaves in the ground and roots in the air.

THE ironclads of England beat those of other nations in running on rocks.

THE Second Adventists give us still one year more on this mundane sphere.

THE average depth of the Atlantic Ocean is three miles; that of the Pacific, four miles.

IN the Tichborne case, the Attorney-General of England made a twenty-six days' speech.

THE annual average of patents granted in the United States is 13,000; in England, 4,000.

THE great bell on the tower of Notre Dame, Montreal, is the largest and heaviest on the Continent.

IT is believed that fully 1,000 newspaper correspondents will be present at the Boston Jubilee.

A CLAY has been discovered in Taylor Township, Mich., which makes good meerschaum pipes.

THE jury in the Tichborne case received one guinea (a little over five dollars) per day for their services.

IN San Francisco a number of Chinamen have married white women, generally of Irish extraction.

A PROJECT contemplating a cheap excursion trip round the world is being talked of, to start from Boston next Summer.

IT is 314 years since the first embassy went from Russia to England. The voyage between the two countries occupied four months.

THERE is a steel bell weighing 1,200 pounds in the lighthouse at Long Beach Bar, Rhode Island, which can be heard at a great distance.

THE expenses incurred by the German Government for representing the empire at the Vienna Exhibition are estimated at 500,000 thalers.

FIVE gold medals, open for competition to the artists of all countries, are to be awarded as prizes at the forthcoming International Exhibition at Vienna.

WOMEN, under the name of "assistant pastors," do pastoral and missionary work for several of the St. Louis churches, and receive compensation therefor.

IN Victoria, Australia, a law has been passed to prevent newspapers from copying articles of news within twenty-four hours after their first publication.

THE amount of trinkets which the Japanese Embassy are packing to take home with them is startling. Everything from Jersey mosquitoes to the Connecticut Board of Education.

IN the Green Bay (Wis.) Post Office the following notice is posted: "Three-cent stamps, 3 cents each; licked and stuck, 5 cents; the clock will answer the question, 'Has the mail closed?'"

THE success which has marked the exportation of smallpox from the United Kingdom to the United States, free of duty, must have surpassed the most sanguine hopes of those interested in the Society for the Diffusion of Diseases.



IOWA.—THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD'S NEW BRIDGE OVER THE MISSOURI RIVER, CONNECTING COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OMAHA.

#### THE U. P. R. BRIDGE OVER THE MISSOURI AT COUNCIL BLUFFS.

**T**HE last piece of iron of the last span, or the great bridge over the Missouri, connecting Omaha and Council Bluffs, was fastened in its place on the 20th of February last, and the great work brought to a virtual completion. The bridge comprises eleven spans of iron superstructure, each span two hundred and fifty feet in length, elevated fifty feet above high water, and supported on one stone masonry abutment and eleven piers formed of cast-iron columns, eight and one-half feet in diameter, filled with cement masonry; the foundations of the abutment and the piers extend to the bed-rock underlying the sand, which is found at an average depth of sixty feet below low water in the river.

The original plan was modified, so as to provide for the use of the bridge for highway travel on the same level with the track of the railway; and wrought-iron has been substituted for cast-iron, in the columns, above high water. The work of sinking iron columns for the piers was commenced in February, 1869, but was soon after suspended for a period of eight months. Since the resumption, in April, 1870, the operations of sinking columns and erecting the superstructure were vigorously prosecuted. Ten steam-engines were in use for a greater part of the time, for the purpose of operating the pneumatic machinery, hoisting cylinders and the iron-work of the superstructure into position, driving piles for temporary platforms and bridges, and excavating sand from within the columns. About five hundred men were employed.

The least time in which any column was sunk to bed-rock, from the commencement of the pneumatic process, was seven days. The greatest depth below low water at which any column reached the bed-rock is eighty-two feet. The greatest pressure to which the men working in the columns were subjected was fifty-four pounds per square inch, in excess of the atmosphere.

To connect the bridge with the main track of the railroad on the west side of the river, a branch line of road seven thousand feet in length has been constructed. From the river-bluff the west abutment, a distance of seven hundred feet, a timber trestle-bridge, sixty feet in height, has been built.

The east approach will be by a continuous grade one and one-half miles in length, commanding on the Council Bluffs table-land and ascending at the rate of thirty-five feet to the mile to the east end of the iron bridge.

The total cost of the bridge with the approaches is estimated to be, in round numbers, \$1,650,000. The revenue during the first

year after its opening, it is estimated, will be at least \$250,000. The whole of the bridge operations have been conducted upon plans recommended by General G. M. Dodge, the former Chief Engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad, and under the direction and superintendence of T. E. Siclies, Esq., the present Chief Engineer and General Superintendent.

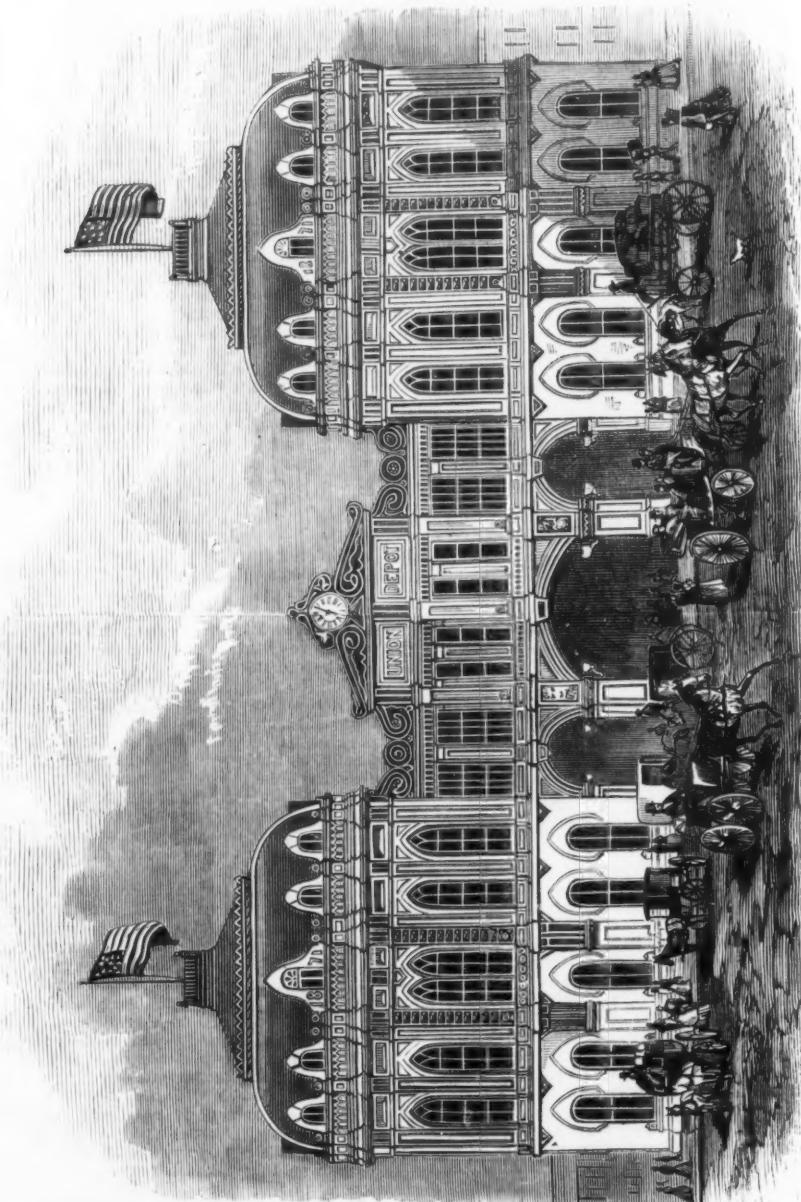
A very fine depot is to be erected at Council Bluffs, Iowa, 200

by 196 feet in dimensions. The main entrance of the structure will be approached by seven railroad tracks from the east, and two from the west. The first story will be devoted to ticket and other offices for the transaction of railroad business. The second story will be devoted to spacious dining and reception-rooms.

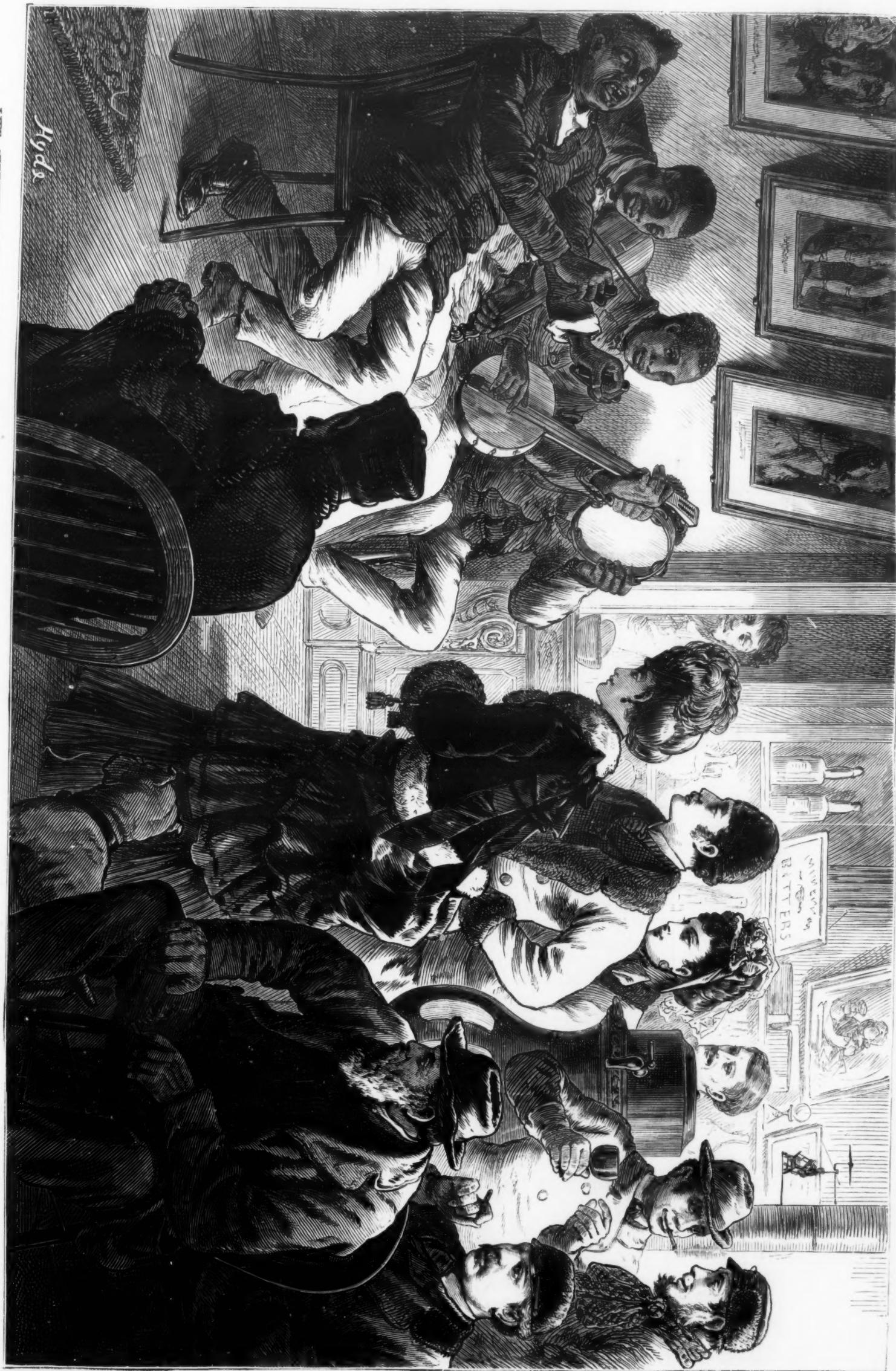
#### WANDERING MINSTRELS ON HARLEM LANE.

**I**N the winter months a band of negro minstrels, equipped with harp, flute, violin and banjo, are often seen wandering in Harlem Lane and vicinity, stopping at restaurants and bar-rooms to give musical entertainments. Where they come from no one knows, and where they go to few care; but it is true they are always well received. The sleighing season is their harvest-time, and they certainly exhibit industry in picking up the latest songs, stories and fancy steps. Their best patrons are the liberal-hearted men and women who frequent Harlem Lane on pleasant moonlight nights, in jaunty cutters and behind enviable steeds.

At one of their entertainments, which happened to be in the bar-room of Smith's Club House, our artist was present, and sketched the negroes in one of their happiest moods. The entire group is a very democratic one, for, although both high and low, rich and poor, have their representatives here, yet all seem to mix on terms of equality. For an hour or so there is rich fun—the “talent,” doing their best to create merriment, and the audience allowing nothing to interrupt their enjoyment. These men are distinct Arabs in their movements, being seen at times in the leading bar-rooms of Boston, Washington, St. Louis, New Orleans, Charleston, and other large cities. They certainly earn the pennies and skin-plasters collected, yet the accumulated sum of these seems hardly sufficient to encourage the growth of flesh on so many persons. The country at large is their home, and if one could afford the time, a recital of their adventures and performances before persons of distinction, who might not feel flattered at the publication of their names, would be very amusing. Odd characters are prominent in every place, and on the principle that like attracts like, one may imagine the motley groups that have been drawn together by the efforts of these wandering minstrels.



IOWA.—PROPOSED DÉPÔT OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD AT COUNCIL BLUFFS.



LIVE SKETCHES IN THE METROPOLIS.—WANDERING AFRICAN MINSTRELS PERFORMING AT A NOTED PLACE OF RESORT ON HARLEM LANE—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN N. HYDE.

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

CHILDREN of the blind school—Lovers.  
HORTICULTURAL phenomenon—A bushman.

The tight little I'sle—Kerosene, always on a bust.

SHERMAN's march to the See—His visit to the Pope.

LEGAL—The case most easily got up—The staircase.

TURNING a Rite into a Wrong—Misnaming a child at its baptism.

YOUNG PEESON (on taking a situation with maiden lady)—"In the course of conversation, shall I address you as miss or m'm?"

OLD GENT—"Biddy, what is it that you have among the stuffing of the turkey?" Biddy (delighted)—"Ah, an' sure, master, I'm obliged to you for findin' my shigun I've been looking for it all day."

HORACE GREELEY recently wrote: "Women now manage most of the public libraries in Massachusetts;" and the composer read it: "Women now worry most of their public babies by mystification."

A good definition of the difference between the "old school" and the "new school" was given by the Hon. J. B. Grinnell, of Iowa. "As near as I can understand," said he, "the children of old school Presbyterians sin as soon as they are born, and the children of new-school Presbyterians as soon as they know how."

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.  
December's past, and now the breezes Howl among the lifeless trees;  
Now the boy with ragged trowsers, Shriv'ring, homeward drives the cows;  
His boots are old, and torn his clothes is;  
And, bless my soul, how blue his nose is!"

A JOYING Harvard student recently called for a doctor in great haste, directing the servant where he should go. The doctor went, but found his services unnecessary and his call a hoax. So far all was very well, but the servant recognized the caller, and the next day the doctor called on him and asked him whether he would rather pay twenty dollars or be arrested. He said he thought so, too, and paid the twenty dollars.

SOME idea of the tautology of the legal formulae may be gathered from the following specimen, wherein, if a man wishes to give another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," he must set forth his "act and deed" thus: "I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of what kind or nature soever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

CHICAGO, Jan. 22, 1872.

F. W. FARWELL, Secretary Babcock Fire Extinguisher Co.:

DEAR SIR—Our experience with the Babcock Fire Extinguisher on this road (we have 230 of the machines) has confirmed our first estimate of it, as a most desirable safeguard. We have saved our buildings repeatedly, and in one or two instances have prevented what we may reasonably suppose would have been large conflagrations.

I cannot too strongly commend them. Their general use would render a fire a rare circumstance.

Yours truly,  
ROBERT HARRIS,  
Gen'l Sup't Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

Re-animating the Hair.—When the hair ceases to draw from the scalp the natural lubricant which is its sustenance, its vitality is, as it were, suspended; and, if not promptly attended to, baldness will be the certain result. The one sure method of avoiding such an unpleasant catastrophe is to use LYON'S KATHAIRON, which, when well rubbed into the scalp, will speedily reanimate the hair and prevent it from falling out.

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrities, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.

JOSEPH HOOVER, publisher of the finest chromos, respectfully calls the attention of the trade to his large and varied assortment of Foreign and American Chromos. No. 1,117 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

EVERY bottle of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is tested before leaving the laboratory; hence its uniform quality and never-failing results.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., is near the new MASONIC TEMPLE.

"BURNETT'S reputation is a guarantee of the excellence of his preparations."—Boston Journal.

SAUNDERS, 7 Astor House, N. Y., sells Razors, Pocket Knives, and fine cutlery of all kinds.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION—the only reliable and harmless remedy for Brown Discolorations of the Face. Sold by all Druggists. Dep't, 49 Bond Street, N. Y.

## SKIN DISEASES.

PERRY'S IMPROVED COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.—The Skin Medicine of the Age. Is warranted to cure RED, WHITE and MATERATED Pimples; FLESH WORMS and BLOTTED disfigurements of the skin.

Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

WE GIVE IT AWAY!!!

## BOOK OF WONDERS.

Contains over 50 Splendid Illustrations, Rich and Rare. "Valuable Receipts" and Scores worth Knowing, etc. Send three-cent stamp to pay postage. Address, B. FOX & CO., Station "A," New York City.



The PEAKE BRAND of Irish Linen and Linen Handkerchiefs now command universal approbation.

The distinctive qualities which have gained for these goods such great favor and unprecedented demand, are, I. They are all pure Linen, even to the lowest grade.

II. They are made of the best material.

III. Their fine texture and uniform quality.

IV. Their great strength and durability, which make them superior to all others.

These goods are sold by most of the Dry Goods Merchants, in all the cities and towns throughout the United States.

Purchasers will know them, as a Mountain Peak, precisely like the above, is stamped on each dozen and piece.

PEAKE, O'DYCKE & CO., 427 & 439 Broadway, New York, Sole Importers of this Brand for the United States.



NEW YORK, CORK AND LIVERPOOL,  
NEW AND FULL-POWERED STEAMSHIPS,  
THE SIX LARGEST IN THE WORLD,  
CELTIC, REPUBLIC,  
ATLANTIC, BALTIc, ADRIATIC,  
6,000 tons burden—3,000 h. p. each.

Sailing from New York on SATURDAYS, from Liverpool on Thursdays, and Cork Harbor the day following.

From the White Star Dock, Pavonia Ferry, Jersey City. Passenger accommodations (for all classes) unvalued, combining

SAFETY, SPEED, AND COMFORT.

Saloons, state-rooms, smoking-room, and bath-rooms in midship section, where least motion is felt. Surgeons and stewardesses accompany these steamers.

RATES—Saloon, \$80 gold. Steerage, \$30 currency. Those wishing to send for friends from the Old Country can now obtain steerage prepaid certificates, \$33 currency.

Passengers booked to or from all parts of America, to Paris, Hamburg, Norway, Sweden, India, Australia, China, etc.

Excursion tickets granted at lowest rates.

Drafts from £1 upward.

For inspection of plans and other information, apply at the Company's offices, No. 19 Broadway, New York. J. H. SPARKS, Agent.

## Novello's Cheap Music.

NOVELLO'S Glees, Part Songs, etc. 5c.  
NOVELLO'S Church Music. 6c.  
NOVELLO'S Organ Music (Books). 50c.  
NOVELLO'S Piano Music (Books). 50c.  
NOVELLO'S Popular Songs. 20c.  
NOVELLO'S Oratorios. 50c.  
NOVELLO'S Operas (Vocal Scores). \$1.  
NOVELLO'S Operas (Pianoforte Solo). 75c.

## NOVELLO'S

ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION OF OPERAS. Price, \$1; or, splendidly bound in scarlet cloth, gilt edges, \$2.

FIDELIO, OBERON,  
FRA DIABOLO, IL BARBIERE,  
DON GIOVANNI, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,  
NORMA, RIGOLETTO,  
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, SONNAMBULA,  
LUCRECIA BORGIA, DER FREISCHUTZ,  
IL TROVATORE, TANNHAUSER,  
Tannhauser.  
To be continued Monthly.

## NOVELLO'S

ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION OF ORATORIOS. Messiah. 50c. Stabat Mater. 60c.  
Israel in Egypt. 50c. Aida and Galatea. 60c.  
Judas Maccabeus. 50c. Mozart's Twelfth Mass. 50c.  
Creation. 50c. Elijah. \$1.

ALL THE POPULAR WORKS OF THE GREAT MASTERS AT THE SAME LOW PRICES.

## ASK FOR NOVELLO'S EDITIONS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND LISTS TO

NOVELLO, EWER & CO., 591 Broadway, New York. 856-907

\$425 A MONTH—Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. 850-71

ORCHESTRAL, MEDIUM and COLIBRI MATHUSHEK PIANO FORTEs,  
ACKNOWLEDGED THE BEST IN THE WORLD FOR TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY. DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS FREE. ADDRESS, MATHUSHEK PIANO MFG CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN. 862-64

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS!—A written chart of your whole life, past, present, and future, with a beautiful and correct picture, name, and address of future husband or wife, by the greatest living Astrologer. Inclose 25 cts. State date of birth. Address R. S. LYFORD, Box 42, Jersey City, N. J. 862-74

SMITH & BUTLER,  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
CAR & FURNITURE  
BRONZES,  
AND  
GENUINE BRONZE  
HARDWARE.  
No. 449 BROOME ST.  
(Near Broadway),  
NEW YORK.

Now Publishing,

AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE

Life and Love

OF

James Fisk, Jr.,

THE

Most Complete Pictorial History of the Prince of Erie.

Price 25 Cents.

535 Pearl St., N. Y.

Specialty in



MARTIN HERZ & CO., 761 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CALL FOR HERZ'S SEAMLESS MARQUISE JULIETTE, AND ONE TO TWELVE (12) BUTTON KID GLOVES.

Also, GANTS DE SUEDE.

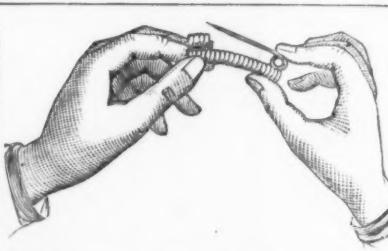
861-62

20 PIECES OF MUSIC

FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Why buy high-priced Music when you can select from our Catalogue of over 200 pieces? Any 20 pieces of Sheet Music, printed on splendid paper, arranged for the Piano, will be mailed on receipt of \$1. Catalogues free. Address, BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 439 Third Avenue, near 30th Street, New York

TIME IS NOW THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MONEY. STAR SPANGLED BANNER, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED, LEDGER SIZE, WITH MORE READING. FULL OF SPLENDID STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY. TWENTY DEPARTMENTS; SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY. ONLY 75 CTS. A YEAR, AND PRANG'S SUPERB CHROMO, "A BONNET OF Moss ROSES," FREE TO EACH SUBSCRIBER. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, OR MONEY REFUNDED. YOU WANT IT, AND NOW IS THE TIME. ADDRESS, STAR SPANGLED BANNER, LINE-DALE, N. H.



The Nursery Favorite Safety Pin.

PATENTED 29TH AUGUST, 1871.

BEAUTY, ECONOMY, UTILITY, SAFETY.

THE BEST AND MOST PERFECT PIN EVER MADE.

IT TAKES 22 INCHES OF WIRE TO CONSTRUCT ONE PIN.

IT OVERCOMES OBJECTIONS constantly made by those using other pins. Unlike them, the wire is formed into a long and short spiral coil. The pin is pointed at the end, and is of a triangular shape, which will allow it easily to penetrate one or more thicknesses of cloth. When confined, the sharp point is perfectly inclosed and secure, and cannot become loosened except by hand manipulation. They give perfect satisfaction. Liberal inducements offered to the Trade. Local and Traveling Agents wanted everywhere. One dozen pins packed in a neat little box and sent post paid to any address on receipt of One Dollar. Address, T. B. DOOLITTLE & CO., 409 Broadway, N. Y.



## SPRING SILKS. NOVELTIES,

In Shaded Tints and Chintz Chine Silks, Black and White, Grisaille and Steel Gray Silks.

"Rich Brocade Dolly Vardens."

### SUMMER SILKS,

A large variety, in all the various styles.

THE FINEST STOCK OF

### BLACK SILKS

IN THE CITY AND AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

### White Goods, Linens, AND House-Furnishing Goods in General.

A full and complete stock now open.

### Gentlemen's and Youths' Furnishing Dep't.

A FULL STOCK OF

### Novelties for Spring. NOW OPEN.

Chine, Striped and Fig'd Grenadiers.

Gaze Chambrais, in Plain Grounds and Satin Stripes.

Bareges and Challies, in Chintzes and Satin Plaids.

Organdies and Jaconets, in the Newest Designs.

ALSO,

Plain & Broche Camel's Hair Serges, FOR SUITS.

### NOVELTIES IN INDIA CAMEL'S HAIR SQUARE SHAWLS.

The finest collection ever before offered in this market, containing

Elaborate & Exclusive Designs.

**\$10 from 50¢**

125 SAMPLERS sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents, that retail easily for Ten Dollars. R. L. WOLCOTT, N.Y.

### Burglar Alarm Telegraph.

This one bell, located in the sleeping-room, rings upon the opening of each window and door of the house. An experience of nine years without a failure, proves that it is perfect, reliable and satisfactory. Thousands who are using it testify to its merits.

SEND FOR PAMPHLET.

### Hotel Announcer by Electricity.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

### ELECTRIC HOUSE ANNOUNCER.

ENTIRELY NEW. SEE IT.

### Electric Safe and Vault Protector.

All the burglars in New York defied.

E. HOLMES, 7 Murray St.

I CURED MYSELF of CONSUMPTION. You can do so. For particulars address, with \$1 for advertisement, stationery, etc., REV. EDWARD HOLLAND, Baltimore, Md.

856-68

### A Treat Indeed!

FRANK LESLIE'S

### CHIMNEY CORNER

No. 358, Ready March 25th.

Contains two Splendid Continued Stories,

The Hope of Hawthorne Hall,

BY

M. T. CALDOR;

AND

### WHO WAS GUILTY?

BY

MARY GRACE HALPINE,

With Short Stories by Annie Thomas and some of the most talented writers in the country.

PORTRAIT AND SKETCH

OF

CYRUS H. McCORMICK,

The Inventor of the Reaper.

Term: \$4 per annum. Ten cents a number. Ready every Monday.

FRANK LESLIE,

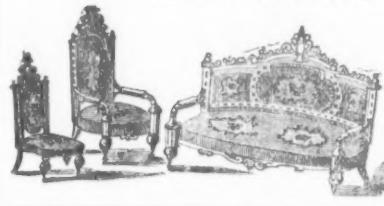
537 Pearl Street, New York.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,  
87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,  
(Branch Store, 81 Fourth Avenue)

STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF

PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM  
Furniture, Carpets,  
Oil-Cloths, Mattresses,  
Spring-Beds, Etc.,

Of any House in the United States, which they offer  
at Retail and Wholesale prices. 860-72



BOARD and RESIDENCE offered to a lady or gentleman in the house of a clergyman, at Torquay, Devonshire. Every comfort; good society. Terms, five guineas a week. Address, Mrs. C. Post Office, St. Mary's Church, Torquay, Devon, England.

### THE INDUSTRIAL MONTHLY

(Formerly called the TECHNOLOGIST),

IS NOW COMMENCING ITS THIRD YEAR.

Manufacturers, Mechanics, Builders, Engineers, Architects, Inventors, every one that takes an interest in the Industrial Arts, should see a copy.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED

with Engravings of all kinds of new Machinery, Machinists' Tools, Buildings, new Designs, etc., accompanied with elaborate descriptive articles. No artisan should be without it.

Only \$1.50 Per Year.

The Cheapest and the Best in America. EVERYBODY CAN AFFORD IT.

SENT ON TRIAL THREE MONTHS for THIRTY CENTS.

Note the following inducement to Clubs: To Clubs of 3, and under 5.....\$1.25 per year.  
" 5, " 10.....1.20  
" 10, " 15.....1.15  
" 15, " 20.....1.10  
" 20, and over.....1.00

### CASH PREMIUM.

TWENTY cents to be kept by the getter of the Club out of every dollar collected, that is, one-fifth of the whole amount, the remaining four-fifths to be remitted with names and addresses in full.

NOW IS YOUR TIME—TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

ADDRESS,

The Industrial Publication Co.,

176 Broadway, New York.

P. O. Box, 4875.

### ORIENT SAFETY LAMPS,

Entirely of metal, are the only lamps in use which can neither break, leak, nor explode. Are ornamental and cheap. Adapted to all household uses; also, to stores, factories, churches, etc.

AGENTS MAKE \$10 A DAY  
SELLING THESE LAMPS.

Manufactured by

WALLACE & SONS,

89 Chambers St., New York.

858-70

### THE NATIONAL WIRE MATTRESS

MADE ONLY BY THE  
WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS CO.  
HARTFORD, CONN.

FOR SALE

BY ALL FURNITURE DEALERS

Send for circulars to G. C. PERKINS, Secretary, Hartford, Conn. 861-62

GET THE ONLY STANDARD BOOK of the kind published. A \$100 saved yearly by all who possess it, can be made by Agents in canvassing for YOUNMAN'S DICTIONARY OF EVERY-DAY WANTS, containing

20,000 Receipts in every Department of Human Effort, than in any other possible way. From \$15 to \$40 a week insured. It is for every Housekeeper, Farmer, Trade and Profession. For the Sick and Well. A reliable book of permanent value to every wide-awake, progressive person. It sells itself. Extra terms. Address, F. M. REED, 139 Eighth Street, New York.

855-67

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE

FOR

FRANK LESLIE'S

### Lady's Magazine

THE

The Most Profusely Illustrated

LADY'S MAGAZINE

in the World.

EACH NUMBER CONTAINS ABOUT  
One Hundred and Twenty Illustrations.

Now Ready, at all News Depots.

The engravings of the fashions are three colored fashion plates, each occupying a full page; a quadra-page uncolored fashion-plate; and over seventy illustrations of bonnets, garments, children's suits and articles, with working diagrams where required.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS: One copy one year, or twelve numbers, \$3.50.

CLUB TERMS: Four copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$4, with extra copy to person getting up club.

**MYSTERY!**—By sending 35c. and date of birth, I will send you a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage; also the *Mysteries of Love, Courtship and Marriage* sent, Address, D. C. CUTLER, Carthage, Illinois. 859-62

### AGENTS WANTED FOR

## SIGHTS AND SENSATIONS OF NEW YORK.

A Work Descriptive of the City of New York  
in all its Various Phases.

Its Splendors and Wretchedness; its High and Low Life; its Marble Palaces and Dark Dens; its Attractions and Dangers; its Rings and Frauds; its Leading Men and Politicians; its Adventurers; its Charities; its Mysteries and Crimes.

Illustrated with Nearly 250 Fine Engravings.

Send for Circulars, and see our terms and a full description of the work. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 859-62



### A Great Offer.

HORACE WATERS,

WILL DISPOSE OF One Hundred

PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS of six  
first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY  
LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will  
take a small portion cash, and balance in monthly or  
quarterly installments.

### HOME SEWING MACHINE

This Unequalled Machine

USES A STRAIGHT NEEDLE,

HAS THE UNDER FEED,

MAKES THE "LOCK STITCH,"

Is Simple, Reliable, and Durable.

WE CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

Agents wanted where we are not represented. For further  
particulars, address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., BOSTON,  
MASS., PITTSBURGH, PA., CHICAGO, ILL., or ST.  
LOUIS, MO.

GENERAL AGENTS.

PENDLETON BROS. . . . .  
CLARK & PRESCOTT . . . . .  
CAREY BROS. & WILCOX . . . . .  
D. G. MAXWELL . . . . .  
S. C. PHILLIPS . . . . .  
T. L. BISSELL . . . . .  
STURGEON & HARVEY . . . . .  
KNOWLES & CONNER . . . . .  
E. W. HAINES . . . . .  
G. W. TRAVER . . . . .

Portland, Me.  
Boston, Mass.  
New York.  
Charlotte, N. C.  
Norfolk, Va.  
Charleston, S. C.  
Fort Deposit, Ala.  
Lafayette, La.  
San Francisco, Cal.  
Portland, Oregon.

859-63

### A BIG THING

FOR EVERYBODY, and there is money and lots of fun in it. Our wonderful mammoth paper of rich and rare curiosities, exciting stories, wonderful yarns and legends, and other rare things sure to please. Sample copies, 6 cents. Sent on trial three months for 15 cents. Nothing like it. Chromos gratis. Address, C. MACKEY, No. 90 Centre St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED. The only complete life of

### JAMES FISK.

Containing a full account of all his schemes, enterprises and assassinations. Biographies of Vanderbilt, Drew, and other great R.R. and Financial magnates. Our *RAILROAD RIVER*, Being a new picture in the LIGHTS and SHADOWS of New York Life. *JOSIE MANSFIELD*, Life of a siren. Life of *EDWARD S. STOKES*, Illustrated octavo of over 500 pages. Send \$1.00 for outfit, and secure territory at once. Circulars free. UNION PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Chicago or Cincinnati.

4w

A GENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money than

work for us than at anything else. Particulars free.

G. STINSON & CO., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

GENUINE MEERSCHAUM

and Amber Goods, as well as the newest WIENER NOVELTIES are offered at the lowest manufacturers' prices, wholesale and retail, by

JOHN N. MENHARD, Manufacturer (established thirty-five years).

I Wohlzelle, No. 33, Vienna, Austria;

and at the American Branch, H. L. SCHREINER, Savannah, Ga. All goods warranted for quality and finish. Illustrated price-lists sent gratis. Orders solicited.

tf-eow

### The American Register,

THE MOST WIDELY CIRCULATED AMERICAN  
JOURNAL IN EUROPE.

Published simultaneously in Paris and London.

Orders for subscriptions and Advertisements should be addressed to E. R. RYAN, Agent for U. S., 29 BROADWAY, Room 38, N. Y.

11

OPIUM EATERS.—IF YOU WISH TO

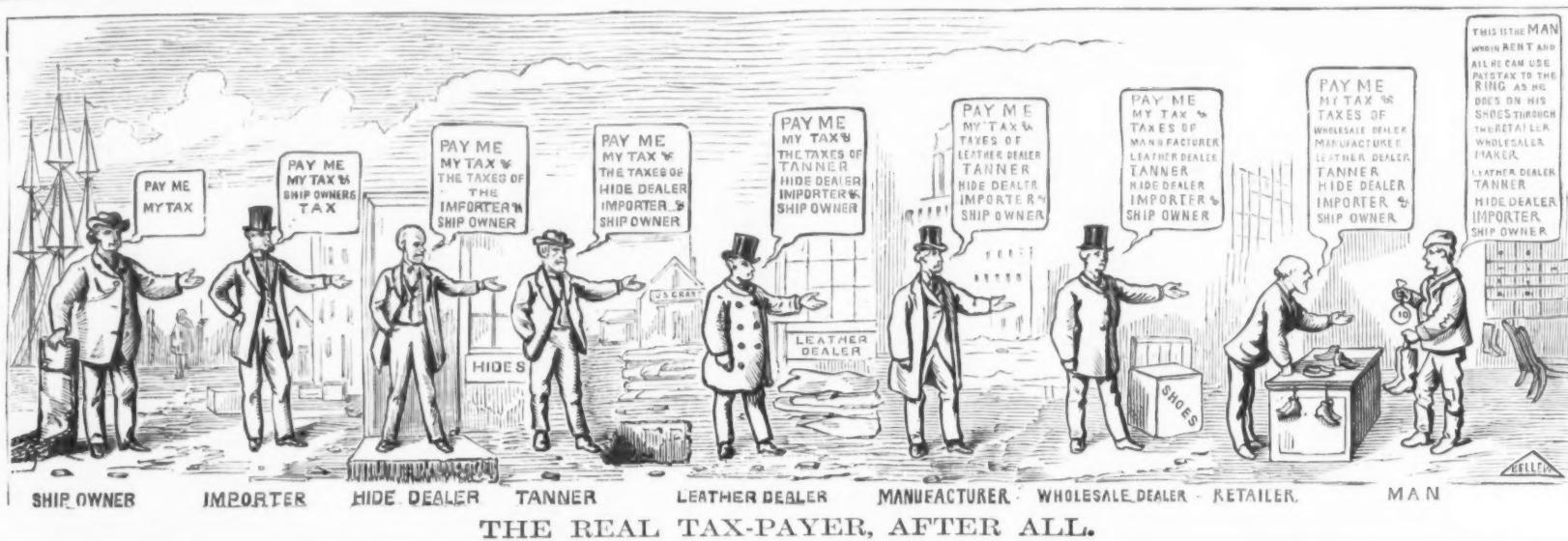
cured of the habit, address, T. E. CLARKE, M.D., Mount Vernon, O.

860-66-cow

EL MUNDO NUEVO.—IF YOU WISH TO

cured of the habit, address, T. E. CLARKE, M.D., Mount Vernon, O.

860-66-cow



THE REAL TAX-PAYER, AFTER ALL.

## THE VALLEY ROUTE.

# Northern Pacific Gold Bonds.

BANKING HOUSE  
**JAY COOKE & CO.**

WE are offering the NORTHERN PACIFIC 7-30 GOLD BONDS at par and interest in currency. They are issued in denominations of from \$100 to \$1,000 COUPON, and \$100 to \$10,000 REGISTERED, and are at all times interchangeable, at the pleasure of the holder, without charge.

They are secured by a FIRST and ONLY MORTGAGE on the Road, its Equipments, Earnings and Franchises, and also on a Land Grant which, on the completion of the Road, will exceed 23,000 acres to each mile of track, or 500 acres of Land to secure each \$1,000 bond.

These bonds are at all times receivable by the Trustees, at TEN PER CENT. PREMIUM, in payment for any lands purchased from the Company.

In view of the ample security upon which the bonds are based, and the rate of interest they bear, we believe there is no first-class investment more safe or profitable.

Holders of United States 5-20 Bonds can now convert them into

## Northern Pacific 7-30s,

Realizing an immediate handsome profit and an INCREASE OF ABOUT ONE-THIRD IN THEIR ANNUAL INCOME.

All marketable securities received in exchange, without expense to the investor, at their highest current value.

**JAY COOKE & CO.**  
New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

For sale by Banks and Bankers generally throughout the United States and Canada.

## Silver-Plated, PORCELAIN-LINED ICE-PITCHERS

OF THE FINEST DESIGNS AND QUALITY.

Being the Largest Manufacturers of  
Silver-Plated Table Ware  
IN THE WORLD,  
WE OFFER INDUCEMENTS NOT FOUND ELSEWHERE.

Meriden Britannia Co.,  
199 BROADWAY, N. Y.,  
Will Remove, April 15th, to  
550 BROADWAY.

**INSURE**  
AGAINST  
**ACCIDENTS**  
IN THE  
**TRAVELERS**  
INSURANCE  
COMPANY.

Of HARTFORD, Ct.  
BLEES  
NOISELESS,  
LOCK-STITCH  
FAMILY  
Sewing Machine.  
Challenged in the  
world in perfection  
of work, strength  
and beauty of  
stitch, durability of  
construction, and  
rapidity of motion.  
Call and examine.  
Send for circular.  
Agents wanted.  
BLEES S. M. CO.,  
623 Br'dwy, N.Y.  
861-o-tf

E. P. Gleason Manufacturing Co.  
MAKE

Gas Burners of Every Description,  
Street and Fancy Lanterns, etc., etc.  
135 MERCER STREET, N. Y. 855 67-0

**WANTED** \$75 to \$250 per month, every-

male and female, to introduce the GENUINE  
IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEW-  
ING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem,  
fell, tuck, quilt, cord, braid, and embroider  
in a most superior manner. Price only \$18.  
Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We  
will pay \$1,000 for any machine that will sew a  
stronger, more beautiful or more elastic seam  
than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch."  
Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth  
cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We  
pay agents from \$75 to \$250 per month and ex-  
penses, or a commission from which twice that  
amount can be made. Address, SECOMB & CO.,  
Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.,  
or St. Louis, Mo.

868-700

SECTION BOATS.  
GONDOLAS.  
ENCLOSE STAMP FOR CIRCULAR.

\$500 REWARD is offered by  
the proprietor of Dr. Sage's  
Catarrh Remedy for a case of  
"Cold in Head," Catarrh or  
Ozena, which he cannot cure.  
Sold by Druggists at 50 cts.

UNION ST CLEVELAND O.  
EXPLORING, TRAVELING,  
BUNTING, FISHING, TRAPPING, &c.

Agents make \$20 a day

SPALDING'S CEPHALIC PILLS.

Best remedy ever known for diseases of the Liver  
and Stomach. Cures Headache and Indigestion. o

## THE ORIGINAL Continental Life Insurance Co., of HARTFORD, Conn. INCORPORATED MAY, 1862.



SAM'L E. ELMORE, President.  
FRANCIS D. DOUGLASS, Secretary.  
JOHN S. RICE, Vice-President.  
H. R. MORLEY, Actuary.

The CONTINENTAL especially commands itself, by its past experience and present management, to those who desire to place their insurance in a conservative company, conducted on the principle of furnishing reliable and absolute insurance at as reasonable cost as is consistent with perfect security.

A few first-class Agents wanted for unoccupied fields.

ESTAB.  
**Enoch**  
**Morgan's**  
Sons'

1809.

**SAPOLIO**  
Cleans windows, scours knives and table ware,  
removes stains and rust, and is the very best  
thing ever used for general house cleaning. tf-o

## K N A B E & CO.'S PIANOS.

(Established 1833, Baltimore, Md.)

18,000 of these Celebrated Instruments are now in use in this Country and Europe. They have been awarded 85 Gold and Silver Medals. Every Instrument fully warranted for five years.

WARE ROOMS:  
650 BROADWAY, N. Y., AND 270 MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. BAUER & CO., General Agents.  
Pianos to rent, sold on installments, and old ones taken in exchange. Illustrated Catalogue sent on application



"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., 96 Chambers St., N. Y.

PRICE \$290.  
U.S.

you may know using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories.  
U. S. Piano Co., 285 Broadway, New York.

ROYAL SAXON  
GOVERNMENT LOTTERY  
95,000 tickets. At Lepisic, Germany. 47,500 prizes.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.  
THEODOR ZSCHUCH,  
P. O. Box 6080. 116 Nassau St., New York. tf-o

SCHENCK'S  
WATER-PROOF  
TAGS  
90 ANNS.  
NEW YORK  
P. O. BOX 2562

ALL book lovers should subscribe to the  
AMERICAN BIBLIOPOLIST, a Monthly Jour-  
nal of Literature. Send stamp for specimen number.

J. SABIN & SONS,  
84 Nassau Street, New York.

Subscription, \$1 per year. Cheap edition, 50 cents.  
862-650

NAPOLEON'S CABINET  
AND  
DRY VERZENAY

Champagne,  
or BOUCHE FILS & CO.,

For Sale at the leading Wine Merchants' and Grocers'.

BOUCHE FILS & CO.,  
SOLE AGENTS, 37 BEAVER STREET, N. Y.

Agents make \$20 a day

SELLING our Patent Button-Hole Cutter, with silver

case 25 cents; will last a lifetime. Cuts 20 Correct

Button-holes a minute any size. Patent Fountain

Pen and XX Yosemite Gold Pen. Samples of all with

Circulars, postpaid, for 25 cents. City Novelty Co.,

404 Library, Philadelphia, Pa. 852-620

THE COPARTNERSHIP heretofore  
existing under the firm name of BALL,  
BLACK & CO. is this day dissolved by mutual consent.  
Either partner will sign in settlement of the business  
March 1, 1872. Signed,

HENRY BALL,  
WM. BLACK,  
EBEN'R MONROE,  
WM. D. BLACK.

IN ANNOUNCING the above dissolution,  
BALL, BLACK & CO. inform their friends and  
the public that they intend to close out their entire  
stock with as little delay as possible, and at prices  
that will be an inducement for all to purchase from  
them.

They have also a very large stock of unset stones—  
diamonds, emeralds, rubies, cameos, etc.—which they  
will set, to order, at unusually low rates. Their manu-  
factory for silverware will be continued, to enable  
them to meet any demands in that line.

565 & 567 BROADWAY, N. Y.



IS MORE FREE FROM UNPLEASANT  
taste or smell than any other Cod Liver Oil; is  
more readily assimilated and more easily digested;  
can be taken by persons who cannot retain other oil  
on their stomach; is recommended by many eminent  
medical men in Europe and America. Sold by  
Druggists.

545-057

Being assured of an ample  
supply of the Cundurango  
Bark, hereafter the price of  
BLISS, KEENE & CO.'S  
FLUID EXTRACT is re-  
duced to \$8 per bottle.

This wonderful remedy  
cures Cancer, Scrofula,  
Rheumatism, Cataract, Con-  
junctivitis, Ulcers, Salt  
Rheum, Syphilis and all  
chronic Blood Diseases.

It is the Best Blood Purifier known. Send for  
a circular. Office, No. 69 Cedar Street, New York.

0

SILVER-PLATED, PORCELAIN-LINED  
Ice-Pitchers.

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT  
AND

THE BEST ARTICLE MADE.

**TIFFANY & CO.**

Union Square, N. Y. [862-630]

**DOOLEY'S  
THE YEAST  
POWDER**  
TRY IT, SOLD BY GROCERS.

CO. 2

SURE

DENT

FEET

WALK

David Morgan 1860



STATESMEN No. I.  
"Amnesty and Equal Rights to All."

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER